# The Campaigners:

OR, THE

*Pleaſant Adventures at* Bruſſels.

A

# COMEDY.

WITH A

## FAMILIAR PREFACE

UPON

*A Late Reformer of the STAGE.*

Ending with a Satyrical Fable

OF

*The* DOG *and the* OTTOR.

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Written by Mr. *D'urfey.*

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*LONDON,*
Printed for *A. Baldwin*, near the *Oxford Arms* Inn
in *Warwick lane.* MDCXCVIII.

To the Right Honourable

# THOMAS,

## Lord *Wharton*, Baron of *Wharton* in the County of *Weſtmorland*, Chief Juſtice, and Juſtice in Eyre, of all his Majeſty's Foreſts, Parks and Chaces, on the South ſide of *Trent*; Comptroller of his Majeſty's Houſhold, and one of his Majeſty's Moſt Honourable Privy Council.

*My Lord*,

THE Particular favour your Lordſhip has been always pleas'd to beſtow on my Genius and Endeavours, and not only on mine, but on Poetry in general, which has ſtill appear'd by your good-natur'd Condeſcenſion, and Readineſs to aſſiſt the Stage againſt its Enemy's Injuſtice, has engag'd me not only to give your Lordſhip my grateful thanks, but to beg leave to dedicate my laſt off-ſpring to your ſervice; in hopes it will be ſo happy to make an hour paſs pleaſantly in the Country, at a time when your Lordſhip has a little leiſure to retire from your Affairs at Court.

As I doubt not but your Lordſhip has been Entertain'd with the baiting of the Poets, by a late horrible Severe and Rigid Critick, ſo I alſo hope, that now, or very ſuddenly you will be diverted with the aforeſaid Critick's being exercis'd by the Poets. That Performer, by thoſe who are taken with Gloſſes more than Realities, has had a

mighty Cry of his ſide; but, as one mans Tale may not always be ſo good as 'tis thought when anothers comes to be heard, ſo it may happen that his ill-manner'd Remarks upon me may give occaſion for as good a Scene to pleaſe your Lordſhip, in an Anſwer of my Writing, as the Original Lampoon did of his.

My Lord, 'tis fit that I inform your Lordſhip that I would not have preſum'd to have troubled you with this Dedication, had not the following ſheets been Encourag'd by men of the firſt-rate underſtandings in *England*, whoſe Commendation made me think 'em conſequently fit for your peruſal. Beſides, having been for many years ſo happy to know that your Lordſhip is of a Judgment ſo Clear, a Temper ſo Generous and Juſt, and a Humour ſo Charmingly obliging, that a Poet is not only Honour'd and Careſs'd, but his Labour from Injuſtice and Unreaſonable Malice nobly indulg'd and defended.

'Tis certainly therefore proper, that to ſuch a Patron a ſoaring Muſe ſhou'd be entirely devoted: The Poet's Song has always the greateſt Influence when the Theme improves the Harmony: And your Lordſhip's Character is of ſuch Efficacy with me, that whenever I am Inſpir'd with it, which I hope I ſhall often be, as well as now, I am very well aſſur'd, my Auditory, when they ſhall hear me ſing on that ſubject, will never imagine the time loſt or ill ſpent, or me out of Tune.

But to avoid Prolixity on a ſubject, which I know is ungrateful to your Lordſhips Admirable Temper, (I mean Praiſe) I will unwillingly leave off here, and only beg to be rank'd amongſt thoſe many that have a true ſenſe of your valu'd qualities. And if the following Piece diverts, as I hope it will, and gains that favourable reception, which your Indulgence, Affability and Good Nature promiſes, through all your Actions, to all thoſe who are ſo happy to be concern'd with you, it will be a ſurprizing ſatisfaction to,

*My Lord,*

*Your Lordſhip's moſt humbly Devoted Servant,*

**Tho. D'urfey.**

# *Dramatis Perſonæ.*

## MEN.

| | |
|---|---|
| Prince *Landevile*, A Volunteer Campaigner. A Noble *Italian.* | Mr. *Evans.* |
| Don *Leon*, A Noble *Spaniard.* | Mr. *Sympſon.* |
| The Sieur *Bondevelt*, An Affected Finical *Flanderkin*, Preſident of the Council of Trade. | Mr. *Johnſon.* |
| Collonel *Dorange*, A Campaigner, Collonel of Horſe in the Kings Army during the War. | Mr. *Mills.* |
| *Kinglove*, His friend. A Volunteer Campaigner. | Mr. *Thomas.* |
| *Min Heer Tomas*, A fat Burgomaſter. | Mr. *Penkethman.* |
| Marqui *Bertran*, A *French* Gentleman. A Volunteer Campaigner under Marſhal *Boufflers.* | Mr. *Cibber.* |
| *Van Scopen*, Footman to Don *Leon*, when Ambaſſador. Born in *Holland.* | Mr. *Fairbank.* |
| *Maſcarillo*, Footman to *Bertran.* Born in *France.* | Mr. *Bullock.* |

## WOMEN.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Angellica*, Siſter to Don *Leon*, and Niece to *Min Heer Tomas* and *Anniky.* | Mrs. *Knight.* |
| Madam *la Marquiſe*, Wife to *Bertran.* | Mrs. *Verbrugge.* |
| *Anniky*, Wife to *Min Heer Tomas.* | Mrs. *Powel.* |
| *Guſſet*, Woman to *Angellica.* | Mrs. *Kent.* |
| *Fardell*, An Affected Tattling Nurſe. | Mrs. *Lynſey.* |

*Muſicians, Dancers, Waiters and Servants.*

The Scene *Bruxells*, the Time 35 hours.

PRO-

# PROLOGUE.

*Spoken by* Mr. Pinkethman, *in a Cloak, with a Poetical Wreath on.*

I'M *come with tears, and ſobbs, with ſigh and groan,*
*To tell the ſaddeſt tale that e're was known;*
*The Stage, the darling Stage is going down.*
*For ſince your favour, we no more can truſt,*
*Dear Bays farewel, let Honour lye i'th duſt.* Throws his
*Let th' Wreath, that as the badge of beſt renown* Bays down.
*So long has Courted been by all the Town,*
*By nobleſt Peers bear witneſs all their works,*
*By Knights, Squires, Courtiers, Templers, Trading Sparks,*
*Pert* London *Prentices, and Lawyers Clerks,*
*Degraded, from Wits Temples lowly fall,*
*To Crown ſome Coxcomb, in ſome City Hall.*
*I know, to part with Fame thus, is great pity,*
*But we all grow too good now, to be Witty.* Weeping.
*And therefore I ſubmit, as there's occaſion,*
*To wear this Sackcloath of pure Reformation.*
*Thus far I've like a Poet howl'd my ſhare,*
*Now you ſhall hear me bellow like a Play'r.*
*Hard-hearted Criticks — harder than the Stone;*
*Muſt t'other Houſe have all, and we have none:*
*Ah, can you ſee poor* Penkethman *undone!*
*As Lightning Trees, ſo your Neglect has rent us,*
*You are more dreadful Foes than thoſe Preſent us.*
*For Mirth not long ago you made good uſe on's:*
*Have I diſpleas'd ye, is this Face a Nuſance!*

*Muſt*

*Muſt we, in ſpite of Labour, ſhut up Door?*
*And muſt —— by way of Punn ——— I had like to ha ſwore,*
*And muſt our ſtanch Friend Mr* Rich *grow Poor?*
*Then farewel Play-houſe, and all Comick Jeſt,*
*And farewel* Trojan *true, as ever* P——
*Is no way left to get this humour off?*
*For if we muſt not Joke, you muſt not Laugh?*
*No, there is none; a zealous fit controlls,*
*To ſtarve our Bodies here to ſave our Souls.*
*Well then, ſince 'tis a bleſſing to the Nation,*
*Pray let us ſee a thorough Reformation.*
*We're not the only Guilty, I dare ſay,*
*There's more o'th' wicked —— every one in's way.*
*Firſt, for example is a glorious thing,*
*Let thoſe reform —— be Loyal to the King.*
*Next, let the Elder-learn'd in our Affairs,*
*No more upon a* Sunday *ſneak up Stairs,*
*To take a humming Bottle after Prayers.*
*With Phiz demure ——— let not grave Caſſock hide*
*Rebellion, Spite, Hypocriſy ——— nor Pride*
*Let this be done, we'll chooſe him for our Guide.*
*We'll then --- talk Smut no more nor ſwear odſnigs,*
*Nor ever after grutch him his Tithe Pigs.*
*Let ſuch as guide the Laws ſincerely ſpeak,*
*Nor thoſe they put in force againſt us break.*
*Let all Profeſſions ſet up Virtues Schools*
*And we'll ſoon bring the Stage to ſober Rules.*
*Correct our Libertines, and gag our Fools.*
*Let the dull Mizer's Purſe relieve the poor,*
*Let him ne're cheat, nor go to Church to ſnore,*
*And we will ſing — of Raſhers broyl'd no more.*

EPI-

# EPILOGUE.

## *By Mr* Cibber, *Acting the* Fr. *Marquis.*

*DE ſimple Poet have done all he can,*
*To make me here de ver fine Shentelman;*
*Do, I perceive ver well, dat de Boffoon*
*Be wat is ſtill moſt like to pleas de Town.*
*But ſince de ting is done, vat ſall me ſay,*
*To gain your ſmile, and mak you like de Play.*
*To act de Fool, I know ſometime pleſe beſt,*
*But can I act de Fool in dis fine dreſs.*
*Fool is a lumpiſh ſneaking ting you know,*
*Fool can no Cock wid air——dance like de Beau.*
*Hoh* [Capers.] *did you ever ſee a Fool do ſo?*
*'Tis dis be tout charmant, dis be ſurpriſe,*
*Dis draw your heart, and de fair Ladies eyes.*
*Vel but to treat you kind——mon Chers Ame's,*
*Pardon ne Moy dis once and Ecote,*
*Me vill to pleaſe you do one odor ting,*
*Not dance en Francois, but en Francois ſing,*
*Such time, ſuſh graces, and ſuch Raree-ſhew,*
*Dat you ſall tink you are at* Fontainbleau.
Mimicks the *French* Singers here.
*O ho, you, laugh, morbleau, dat is ver ſtrange,*
*Zoon, me go off den leaſt de humour ſhange.*

THE

# PREFACE.

I Muſt neceſſarily inform the Partial, as well as Impartial Reader, that I had once deſign'd another kind of Preface to my Comedy than what will appear in the following ſheets; but having in the interim been entertain'd with a Book lately Printed, full of Abuſes on all our Antient as well as Modern Poets, call'd *A view of the Immorality and Prophaneſs of the* Engliſh *Stage*; and finding the Author, who, no doubt, extreamly values himſelf upon his Talent of *Stage-reforming*, not only (to uſe his own Ironical words) *particular in his Genius and Civilities*, but indecently, unmanner'd, and ſcurrilous in his unjuſt Remarks on me, and two of my Plays, *viz.* the firſt and ſecond parts of the *Comical Hiſtory of* Don Quixote. I thought I cou'd not do better, firſt as a Diverſion to the Town, and next to do a little Juſtice to my ſelf, than (inſtead of the other) to print a ſhort Anſwer to this very Severe and Critical Gentleman; and at the ſame time give him occaſion to deſcant upon the following Comick Papers, and my ſelf the opportunity of vindicating the other; with ſome familiar Returns (*en Raillere*) upon his own Extraordinary *Integrity*, and Juſtneſs of the *Cenſure*. Collier, p. 196.

But firſt, leſt I ſhould plunge my ſelf out of my depth, or like an unskilful Swimmer, endanger my ſelf by a too precipitate Raſhneſs, let me warily conſider the Office and Habit of this unchriſtianlike Critick before I Attack him: He has, or had the honour to wear the Robe of a Clergyman of the Church of *England:* A Church, which for its Purity, Principles, and moſt Incomparable Doctrines, ſurpaſſes without objection all others in the world, which with a number of its pious, virtuous and learned Rulers and Miniſters, I admire and acknowledge with all the faculties of my ſoul, heart and underſtanding; and on which I never ſeriouſly reflect, but I feel a ſecret ſhame for my remiſsneſs of duty, and my neglect, in not living hitherto up to its Admirable Principles. This reflection would indeed have been enough to awe any one in my circumſtances from proceeding to anſwer his bold Cenſures, had I not Courage to conſider that the reſt of the worthy Gentlemen of that Robe are ſo good, that they will not excuſe or defend our aforeſaid Critick's Injuſtice or Miſtakes in ſome places, tho they are pleas'd with his Truths in others; or be angry at me for endeavouring to gain their good opinion, by defending my ſelf from moſt of his black Aſperſions (how fair ſoever as yet they ſeem) and by unfolding him be judg'd by their impartial reaſon, ſtart a queſtion, whither he, tho a happy member of the aforeſaid Adorable Church, does not come in for his ſhare of *Immorality*,

and other frailties; and consequently is not as fit to be detected, by the Wit of a Satyrical Poet, as the Poet by the positive Authority of an Angry Malecontent, tho in the garb of an humble Churchman.

The *Vates*, or Poets in antient times were held in special veneration, even their Kings, and other chief Rulers, often submitted to the virtue of their Inspiration: Amongst which, the never enough admir'd Mr *Cowley*, in his noble version of the *Davideidos*, gives the *Royal David* this Title, *Rex olim & Vates duo Maxima munera Cœli*; and numbers of others might be inserted to prove Poetical Authority, and the respect it bore in past Ages; which, tho I have not capacity to parallel, I hope I may be allow'd to imitate on another subject; and in this have leave to acquit my self of several heinous Accusations, which this Tyrannical Critick has Impos'd upon me.

I am not at all Ignorant of his eminent parts, Learning, and other qualificatious; nor am I insensible, as well as the rest of his Readers, that his Book has a very fair and engaging Title-page, and is no less Illustrated with many weighty and just censures upon the *Immorality of the Stage*, and our licentious Writings for many years past; and tho this has been proved by the late Ingenious Author of *the Vindication of the Stage* to be occasion'd by the vices of the Times, and not those of the Poets; yet thus far we can endure the Scourge, and kiss his Rod with patience enough: And for my own part, I declare if I had found his Severity had been moral, and had ended in the good design of cleansing the Stage from its Impurities, and had been only a kind Instruction to my Brethren and my self, to reform our Immoral errors, I had, as the rest of us, with all humility imaginable, thank'd him for his wit and good reproof; and had been so far from answering in this manner, that I should have been proud to have my name before his Book, with a Copy of Verses in applause of his Admirable Design. But when, instead of this, I find he strikes at the root of our Dramatick Labours, and the Town's diversion, for some sly and selfish ends; and instead of reproving us with a Pastorly Mildness, Charity and Good Nature, gives us the basest language, and with the most scurillous expressions, sometimes raging and even foaming at mouth, taxing the little liberty has always been us'd, with horrid horrid Blasphemy, Prophaneness, and Damnable Impiety; when Reason must inform every one we intend nothing of the matter, besides the poor priviledge of *Poetica Licentia*: and pretending to prove this with false Quotations, unnatural Mistakes, and Hypocritical Hypotheses, I resolv'd to controvert him, and endeavour to prove that 'tis meerly his malice that has abus'd me and the rest, without Reason or Provocation; and that his own Wit and Morals are not so Infallible, but they lye also open to the censure of any Poetical Critick, who has Courage and Sense enough to attack 'em.

I once more therefore address my self to the Reverend of the Gown, from highest to the lowest, and humbly desire that they will not appear Interested against me, because I defend myself against one that has abus'd me, and has the honour to wear one, (to what purpose the Judgment and Clemency of our Government knows best) I assure 'em my design is only to turn, like the Worm that is trod upon, complain being hurt, vindicate my self from abusive malice, and at the same time am heartily sorry that ever I had the occasion. 'Tis

'Tis a pleaſure to me however to know that I have for many years, as well as now, the honour of the Converſation of ſeveral eminent men of the Church; and I dare ſay, upon occaſion I could eaſily gain their good words to prove my good behaviour. I do declare I never abus'd the ſacred order in my life, but have always had, and ſtill have, all the veneration for 'em that's poſſible; nor have any of my printed Writings contradicted this, unleſs when ſpoken in the perſon of Atheiſts, Libertines, and Ignorants, where 'tis natural in Comedy; nay, in my Book of Poems you will find a *Satyr againſt Atheiſts*, and in another Book, call'd *Colin's walk thro London and Weſtminſter*, a Moral through the whole, and deſign'd in the honour of the Church of *England*, to ſhew the ſtubbornneſs of *Romaniſts*, Grumblers, and other diſſenting Sects; but this my partial Antagoniſt never read, nor heard of; nay, tho by his Book we may ſuppoſe he has read a thouſand, yet amongſt twenty of my Comedies Acted and Printed, he never heard of the *Royaliſt*, the *Boarding School*, the *Marriage Hater Match'd*, the *Richmond Heireſs*, the *Virtuous Wife*, and others, all whoſe whole Plots and deſigns I dare affirm, tend to that principal inſtance, which he propoſes, and which we allow, *viz.* the depreſſion of Vice and encouragement of Virtue. Not he, he has not had leiſure ſince his laſt *holding forth in the late Reign*, to do me this Juſtice, 'tis enough for him that he has encounter'd *Don Quixot*: And truly, I muſt own, was a moſt proper Combatant for him; for if he had not been mad with the Wind-mill that was in his pate, or had ever perus'd that *Giant* of an Author, upon whom I am the *Pigmy*, as he wittily obſerves, he would have found the Bockheaded Chaplain had been greazing his old Gaſſock there long before I new rigg'd him: But that's all one, I, poor I, muſt be denounc'd as Criminal; I brought him upon the Stage, I waſh'd his Face, put on a new Crape Veſt, and a clean Band, which, oh, fatal accident, made him look ſo like ſomebody, that I, in his opinion, and condemn'd by his infallibility, have been no body ever ſince, *vox & præterea nihil*. Well, however this is determin'd, let me beg of my impartial Readers, to give me leave to try what I can be, I have had good fortune I am told by others in Lyrical Verſe, which I am ſure is one principal part of Poetry, I'll ſee now if I can match my Antagoniſt in Rallying Proſe. Several ingenious Authors have already, I think, ſo well confuted his Aſſertions againſt the Stage, by proofs from the Antient Poets, the Primitive Fathers, and their Authorities, that they have far excell'd what I can pretend to do there; only, I could have wiſh'd one who is beſt able, and whoſe admirable Genius and Skill in Poetry would have been remarkably ſerviceable, had drawn his Pen to defend the Rights of the Stage, tho he had own'd the looſeneſſes of it, and had ventured the being preſented for it; but ſince we, the forlorn, are not ſo happy to have that Aid, let my Antagoniſt, the Reformer, who, for all the gravity in ſome part of his Book, and the ſolid Piety he would inſinuate in his Arguments, I perceive to be a Joker, and as full of Puns, Conundrums, Quibbles, Longinquipetites, and Tipiti-witchets, as the reſt of us mortals, be pleas'd to take the length of my Weapon at that ſport, for now I cannot help telling my Audience, which is the Town, that he has laid his reform-

Collier, p.

ing Cudgel upon me ſo ſeverely, and it ſmarts ſo damnably, that I can't forbear ſmiting again if I were to be hang'd, deſiring only, as the uſual method is, a clear Stage, and from him no favour.

To begin then, I ſhall illuſtrate my firſt Scene with a comical hint upon ſome part of his Character; and that the Jeſt may be worthy of making you laugh, you are to know, that the firſt view I ever had of this extraordinary Perſon, was neither better nor worſe than under the *Gallows*. Well, but think you, I warrant, 'twas about ſome Charitable Duty that his ſacred Function and Piety oblig'd him to, ſuch as Exhorting the poor Souls to confeſs their Crimes, in order to be ſav'd, or the like; no, faith, but quite contrary, for he was rather hardning them, and infuſing a ſtrong Portion of his own obſtinacy, to fortifie 'em for their dubious Journey; and in few minutes after, poſſeſs'd with a ſtronger Spirit of Prieſthood than e'er, for ſome paſt Ages there has been Example for, pronounc'd the *Abſolution*, the extremeſt and moſt myſterious Grace the Church can poſſibly give to the moſt repentant Sinner, to wretches Juſtly condemn'd by Law to die, for the moſt horrible Crimes in nature, *viz.* the intended Murder of the King, and Subverſion of the Proteſtant Religion and Government." Now that ſuch a Perſon ſhould ſet up for a Proteſtant Example, and a Teacher of Morality, is ſomewhat new, for upon my veracity, this Gentleman may inſinuate as he pleaſes, that our Church, and its Doctrines govern his heart; but as to that matter, what may be in his heart I can't tell, but if a Pope is not crept into his belly, very near it, I am very much miſtaken.

*Pliny* indeed, in his Natural Hiſtory, *Lib.* 28. *Cap.* 10. tells ye, He that is bitten by a Scorpion may have relief, if immediately he go and whiſper his grief into the Ear of an Aſs. This Hiſtorian, perhaps, had ſo great credit with theſe Malefactors, that they thought the remedy, by Auricular Confeſſion, might ſerve too in their Concerns. But we are confirm'd, they were enough miſtaken in the reſt of their Opinions, and ſo 'tis very likely were in this. If this Parallel be found a little groſs, I hope the Reader will excuſe it, when he examines the bold Critick's Stile relating to the Poets. Beſides, how wiſe ſoever he may be in other things, I'm ſure all thoſe that are ſo, and true Sons of the Church, when they reflect on that Action of his, will own that he deſerves that, or a worſe Title. And ſo to proceed.

But before we inſpect further, or touch upon the Moraliſt's Immorality, for I dare ingage it is not altogether impoſſible to prove, the *Pulpiteer* may be tainted a little as well as the *Poetaſter*, let us ſee whether we can find him guilty of the firſt Charge againſt us, which is *Immodeſty*; and upon this ſubject indeed, if our Learn'd Reformer did not impoſe upon us with a Fallacy, I ſhould (to ſhew my good Nature walk hand in hand with my reſentment) once more admire him for his Character of Modeſty in the 11th page of his Book, which is, to do him Juſtice, very fine; but then he only tells us of one kind of Modeſty, when he knows there are two, and therein he is Falacious, in not expoſing the other, which is decency of Speech and Behaviour; and truly, meerly, I believe, through a conſcious reflection of his own frequent miſcarriages in that caſe. If therefore, theſe Papers differ a little from that Civility which is proper, I beg the Readers pardon, and aſſure him 'tis only in imitation

imitation of his Stile to me, as all thoſe that read his Book may find.

For, in the firſt place, he does not ſhew his own, nor, indeed, any part of decent modeſty, in expoſing any Gentlemans Name in print, when the ſubject matter is Satyr, Reflection, Scandal, *&c.* and in which caſe I believe the Law might do Juſtice, if apply'd to; but if not, I am ſure good Manners, and civil Education, ought to tie the Caſſock as cloſe as the Saſh or Surſingle; but this our Divine helper, moſt Bully-like, diſallows; for he, puff'd with his Prieſtly Authority, calls us boldly to the Bar of his Injuſtice by our own Names, the ſame minute that he is roaringly accuſing us of Blaſphemy, Smuttery, Foolery, and a thouſand Monſtroſities beſides, as he'd make you believe; unleſs for variety, he picks out one amongſt the reſt, now and then, to abuſe a little more civilly, and then, rubbing up his old College Wit, he Nicknames 'em, as you may find elegantly made out at the latter end of his Book, (for he ſhall ſee that I have read it quite through, and can hop over pages as faſt as he for the life of him) where he can find no other Name or Character for two Gentlemen of Honour and Merit, *viz.* Mr. *Congreve* and Captain *Vanbrooke*, who have written ſeveral excellent Plays, and who are only ſcandalous to our Critick, by being good Poets, yet theſe he can give no other Names or Characters, but what are Abuſive and Ridiculous. The firſt, for only making *Jeremy*, in *Love for Love*, call the Natural inclinations to eating and drinking, *Whorſon Appetites*, he tells, That the *Manicheans, who made Creation the Work of the Devil, ſcarcely ſpoke any thing ſo courſe.* And then very modeſtly proceeding onwards ſays, *The Poet was* Jeremy's *Tutor.* The t'other Gentleman he dignifies by a new Coin'd name of his own, *viz. The Relapſer*, and much like an humble Son of the Church, a Man of Morals and Manners tells us, *This Poet is fit to Ride a Match with Witches*: *And that* Juliana Cox (a Non-juring Hag, I ſuppoſe, of his Acquaintance) *never ſwitch'd a Broom-ſtick with more expedition.* Faith, ſuch ſentences as theſe, may be taking enough amongſt his Party; but if this be his way of Reproving the Stage, and Teaching the Town Modeſty, he will have fewer Pupils, I believe, than he imagines.

Collier, p. 74.

Collier, p. 230.

But to do that Gentleman Broom-ſtick Rider ſome Juſtice, and becauſe we ſhall want a Name hereafter to Chriſten the t'other, as he has given the Name of *Relapſer*, ſo I think that of the *Abſolver* will be a very proper one to diſtinguiſh our Switcher, by which the Reader may obſerve, that we are civiller to him than he to us however. And firſt then, I deſire all Perſons to obſerve, that in other places of the ſame Chapter of his Book, our *Abſolver*, for all his deteſtation of the Stage, and of Poetry in general, yet takes a huge deal of pains in taking to pieces, and mending the Comedy of the *Relapſe*; nay, and to ſhew how tranſcendent his own Skill in theſe things is, he has help'd the Author to a better Name for his Play, and ſays, *The Younger Brother*, or, *The Fortunate Cheat*, had been much properer. This ſhews ſome good will he has to the Comick Trade however; and I doubt not, but if his Cloſet were Ranſack'd, we might find a divertive Scene or two, effects of his idle Non-preaching hours, where Modeſty, Wit, and good Behaviour, would be ſhewn in perfection.

Collier, p. 210.

And

And yet, as to his own humour, we find it to be, by his Book, more fickle than even the Wind, or Feminine frailty in its higheſt Inconſtancy. One while he's for Inſtructing our Stage, Modelling our Plays, Correcting the Drama, the Unity, Time and Place, and acts as very a Poet as ever writ an ill Play, or ſlept at an ill Sermon; and then, preſently after, wheiw, in the twinkling of an Ejaculution, as Parſon *Say-grace* has it, he's ſummoning together a Convocation of old Fathers, to prove the Stage in paſt Ages exploded, and all Plays horrible, abominable Debauchers of Youth, and not to be encourag'd in a Civil Government. What can we think of this, eſpecially when I find him in this Paragraph of his Book * raving on at this rate, and quoting to us, That St. *Cyprian*, or the Author *de Spectaculis*, argues thus againſt thoſe who thought the Play-Houſe no unlawful diverſion; 'tis too tedious to recite all, but enough of St. *Cyprian* for my purpoſe runs thus: *What buſineſs has a Chriſtian at ſuch Places as theſe? A Chriſtian who has not the liberty ſo much as to think of an ill thing, why does he entertain himſelf with lewd Repreſentations? Has he a mind to diſcharge his Modeſty, and be fleſh'd for the Practice? Yes, this is the conſequence, by uſing to ſee theſe things, he'll learn to do them; what need I mention the Levities and Impertinencies in Comedies, or the Ranting diſtractions of Tragedy, were theſe things unconcern'd with Idolatry, Chriſtians ought not to be at them, for were they not highly Criminal, the foolery of them is Egregious, and unbecoming the gravity of Believers.* And then again, before he is out of breath, *A Chriſtian has much better Sights than theſe to look at, he has ſolid Satisfactions in his power, which will pleaſe and improve him at the ſame time. Would a Chriſtian be agreeably refreſh'd, let him read the Scriptures, here the Entertainment will ſuit his Character, and be big enough for his quality. Ah, Beloved, how noble, how moving, how profitable a thing is it, to be thus employ'd, to have our expectations always in proſpect, and be intent on the glories of Heaven!* Very good, and who is he ſo reprobated, that will not allow this to be devout, and admirable good Counſel? But now let us ſee how the *Abſolver*, for all Pious quotation, has follow'd St. *Cyprian*'s Advice; that holy Father charges him not to entertain himſelf with ſuch lewd things as Plays, and he very dutifully reads a thouſand as faſt as he can; nay, ſcans and weighs 'em, and, no doubt, not without tickling ſatisfaction, at the preſent, for all his Saturnine Remarks at laſt. Now if his Anſwer to this is, That it belongs to his Office, as a Church-man, and that he could not reprehend the Vices in 'em without reading the Books themſelves, I muſt tell him, That St. *Cyprian*, nor the reſt of the Fathers, did not allow that, neither do we find they did it themſelves, for all their inveighing againſt the Stage; ſo that he makes his own Quotation altogether invalid, *He not being to do ill that good might come of it.*

Collier, p. 261.

And therefore, why may not a Poet now, who, perhaps, is a greater Votary to St. *Cyprian* in other Matters than the *Abſolver* is in this, rally him thus, and turn his Quotation upon himſelf, Phraſe by Phraſe? 'What buſineſs has a Parſon with ſuch Books as theſe? A Parſon who has 'not the liberty ſo much as to think of an ill thing? Why does he en-'tertain himſelf with lewd Comedies? Has he a mind to diſcharge his 'Prieſtcraft, and fleſh himſelf up for a Poet? Yes, this is the conſe-'quence, by uſing to ſee theſe *ſmutty* things, he'll learn to write 'em:

'What

'What need I mention the Sham-Oaths, and looſeneſs of Farce, or the 'Fuſtian raving againſt the Gods in Tragedy, were theſe things really 'unconcern'd with Idolatry, a Parſon, of all Mankind, ſhould not be 'known to ogle them, for were they not highly Criminal, the foolery 'of them is Egregious, and unbecoming the gravity of all that thump 'the Cuſhion, or intend to thump a true Belief into the Pates of an in-'corrigible Congregation.

And now methinks I ſee the Spiritual Critick, with a certain ſallow Male-contented Phiz, poring upon this Page, and ſucking his Ring-finger, gives himſelf an unpleaſurable minute to Judge whether I have paraphras'd right or no; well, all's one, fall back fall edge, I'm reſolv'd to bait him with St. *Cyprian* a little more. 'A Parſon has, or ſhould have, 'much better Books than Plays to look in; he has many Authors of 'Pious and Solid Authorities to pleaſe, and improve himſelf with, at 'the ſame time. Would a Parſon be agreeably refreſh'd, let him read 'the Scriptures, let him find out Treatiſes of Morality, Meekneſs, Cha-'rity, and holy Life, there the Entertainment will ſuit his Character. Ah, 'Beloved, how noble, how moving, how profitable a pleaſure would 'it be to us, to ſee a Parſon thus employ'd, to let the Stage's diverſions 'be too little for his grave Conſideration, and be intent himſelf on the 'glories of Heaven! And here now, I do not at all queſtion but the *Abſolver*, a little nettled at this laſt Parallel, will fall to biting of his fingers again, his Righteous Spirit being offended at my Inſolence, in ſcribling the Word *Parſon* ſo oft, it being a Nickname, and only invented by ſome idle fellow, who reſolv'd to uſe the Order with no more reſpect. Why truly, I confeſs, in this Caſe, Modeſty is a little gravell'd, but then ſhe may thank him for it, for he has dignify'd the Poets with ſo many *Hell-defying*, *deep-mouth'd Swearing*, *Relapſing*, *Witch-riding Titles*, that the worthy Miniſtry cannot reaſonably be angry, eſpecially when the Word is only meant to him, whom I ſhall prove has leſſen'd the true Title, by his *Immorality* and *Hypocriſie*, more than ever the Poets did the Reputation of the Stage, by their Time-ſerving Looſeneſſes and Licentious Diverſions.

It is, no doubt, a conſiderable Maim to us, in ſome Peoples opinions, who never digeſted the benefits ariſing from the Stage in its Moral Repreſentations, that this ſmarting Lath is given us by a Clergy-man of the Church of *England*, that is, good friends, if he be ſo, for ſome Judicious Heads are not reſolv'd in that Affirmative—— but let that be *diſcuſs'd* in another place, I'm ſure, if he is, *Obedience to Government, in the firſt place, ſhould be his principal Tenet*; and whether that is a part of the *Abſolver*'s Character, I think has ſufficiently appear'd. But let him be what he will, I ſhall now take the pleaſure to inform thoſe People, that but few years ſince, we had a Man of Wit and Learning, that wore the Gown, and as true a Son of the Church as ſhe could poſſibly breed, that was intirely devoted a Champion in our Cauſe, and Aſſerted the Rights of the Stage with Succeſs and Applauſe; and whoever will but look back a little, and incline his Eyes towards the delectable River *Cam*, may Encounter the fam'd Wit of that Univerſity, the Ingenious Mr. *Thomas Randolph*, who in one of his great many admirable Pieces, call'd the *Muſes Looking-glaſs*, makes his whole Moral to be the Vindi-

cation

cation of the Stage, and its uſefulneſs, and by ſhewing the paſſions in their Kinds, coutrives to confute ſome canting prejudic'd Zealots, whoſe ignorance and frenzy had conſpir'd before to run it down; I will treat the Reader here with ſome of it.

*Muſes Looking-Glaſs.*

A Country Laſs, for ſuch ſhe was, tho here
In th' City may be Sluts as well as there;
Kept her hands clean, for thoſe being always ſeen,
Had told her elſe how ſluttiſh ſhe had been;
Yet was her Face, as dirty as the Stall
Of a Fiſh-monger, or a Uſurer's Hall
Begrim'd with filth, that you might boldly ſay,
She was a true piece of *Prometheus*'s Clay.
At laſt, within a Pail, for Country Laſſes
Have oft you know, no other Looking-glaſſes,
She view'd her dirty Face, and doubtleſs would
Have bluſh'd, if through ſo much dirt ſhe could.
At laſt, within that Water, that I ſay,
That ſhew'd the Dirt, ſhe waſh'd the Dirt away.
*So, Comedies, as Poets ſtill intend 'em,*
*Serve firſt to ſhew your faults, and then to mend 'em.*

Here was a pretty Compliment to our Art now, a good Moral with good Manners into the bargain; and yet 'tis certain the times then were as Licentious as now, and the Poets took as little care of their Writings; but Mr *Randolph* always made his good Nature agree with his Wit, and put as favourable conſtruction upon Scenes of Diverſion, as reaſon would allow, tho he perhaps had as much occaſion for 50 *l.* as the Abſolver when he writ his Book. He knew that if there was ſo ſtupid a Temper, that the Moral of a Play could not reform, the looſeneſs that was in it could not prejudice; nor if a wild Town-fellow, or a baffl'd Bully, or paſſionate Lover, being characters in a Play, ſpoke ſome extravagances proper for 'em, would he roar it out for Baſſphemy, Profaneneſs, *&c.* and make a malicious ſcrutiny, and unreaſonable interpretation of words, which had no other intention but to make the Character natural by cuſtomary manner of Speech, as he has ſhewn examples by two of his own, in the extremes of Vain-glory and Hypocriſie: And yet this Gentleman was as Learned, as good a Critick, and as Conſciencious a man, as our Abſolver can pretend to be; and if I ſay, I had ſomewhat a better Title to Modeſty and good Manners, I think it may be made out, he having a civil regard to the Poets, defended their Cauſe, and excus'd ſome failings for the ſake of ſome other Merits, when this treats 'em all like fools, tho he has only rak'd up a few of their errors, which he has made a huge heap of Rubbiſh, by peering through his own Magnifying Glaſs, without any allowance to their qualifications, or any modeſt care to do 'em juſtice, which ought to have been one way as well as another.

So much then for his *Modeſty* in one of its kinds, which is decency of behaviour and expreſſion; as for the other, he has plaid ſuch a Game at Hide and Seek with us, that we have been long in a Miſt, not knowing how to diſcover it: But the Air clears, and 'tis time for us now to take the right end of the perſpective, tho he would give us the

the Wrong, and then try if we cannot diſcern, in the midſt of his Garden of Divinity, a near friend of his call'd Immorality, tho he would ſubtly inſinuate him into the world as a ſtranger, leading his darling daughter dear Hypocriſie into an Arbor; where, after they had been ſome time alone, our Critick knowing how to be civil to his own creature, and to give 'em time enough to beget a right underſtanding, he is very glad at laſt to be a third in the company.

I ſhould not have put him upon this warm Office, if I had not found him too hot and bold with our Famous Antient Truth-telling Poet *Juvenal*, when in his Book he tells us, *he teaches thoſe vices he would correct, and writes more like a Pimp than a Poet*——But upon juſt conſideration, I believe if the Abſolver taught the Art of Rebellion no more than *Juvenal* the Art of Pimping, the one would be reſpected in after Ages, as much as we know the other has in the former: But every one is Fool or Knave that is not of this Gentlemans kidney. A little while after, at the uſual rate of his own accuſtom'd civility, he falls upon the *Renown'd Shakeſpear*, and ſays, he is ſo guilty, that he is not fit to make an Evidence. Why now if 'twere poſſible for his Complexion to bluſh, there's ne're a Robe of any Friend Cardinal the Abſolver has at *Rome*, that can be redder than his would be for ſuch a Poſition: Nor does it end here, but is mixt with ſome more fooliſh and inſolent Remarks in another place, upon the admirable Tragedy of *Hamlet*. And here he has no other way to ſhew his malice, but by ridiculouſly quibbling upon the prettieſt Character in it, the innocent young Virgin *Ophelia*, who, becauſe the Poet makes her run mad for the death of her Father, and loſs of her Lover, and conſequently makes her ſing and ſpeak ſome idle extravagant things, as on ſuch an occaſion is natural, and at laſt drown her ſelf, he very maſterly tells us, the Poet, *ſince he was reſolv'd to drown her like a Kitten, ſhould have ſet her a ſwimming a little ſooner; to keep her alive, only to ſully her Reputation, is very cruel.* Yes, but I would fain ask Doctor Abſolution in what ſhe has ſullied her Reputation, I am ſure five hundred Audiences that have view'd her could never find it out, tho he has; but the Abſolver can't help being poſitive and partial to his own humour, tho he were to be hang'd, as the Lady was drown'd, for he is very angry in another place with the aforeſaid Author, for making *Sir* Hugh Evens *in the Merry Wives of Windſor*, a ſilly, eating, chattering *Welch* Prieſt, but vindicates and ſpeaks well of *Sir* John, *Parſon of* Wrotham, *in the Hiſtory of Sir* John Oldcaſtle; tho he ſwears, games, wenches, pads, tilts and drinks, and does things which our Reformers Guts are ready to come up at another time, only, forſooth, becauſe he is ſtout; but 'tis indeed only *becauſe he is a Parſon*, and ſullen, which he thinks wiſe, for he cannot endure that Copyhold ſhould be touch'd, as you may ſee more plainly a little further, where he ſays in *Loves Labour Loſt*, the Curate plays the fool egregiouſly; and ſo does the Poet too: there he clenches the Nail, there he gives *Shakeſpear* a bold ſtroke, there obſtinacy and malice appear in true colours: And yet if a parcel of the ones Plays, were ſet up by way of Auction againſt t'others *Sermons and Eſſays*; nay, tho the Loyal and Politick *Deſertion diſcuſs'd* was thrown in to boot, I know not what the Grave would do, but I am ſure the Wiſe would quickly find difference. And yet to

Collier, p. 70, 71.

Collier, p. 50.

Collier, p. 70.

Collier, p. 125.

Remark him nicely, this humour of railing is only where the Poets do not ſuit with his deſign; for in another place you'll find this ſame *Shakeſpear*, that was before too guilty to make an Evidence, a very civil perſon now; for the Reformer is troubl'd with Fits, you muſt know, diſturbances i'th' brain, which makes him forget one hour
Coll. p. 154 what he rails at another, for here now *Shakeſpear*'s *Falſtaff* is call'd the admir'd, becauſe he is to ſerve his turn. And that the Poet *was not ſo partial as to let his humour compound for his lewdneſs*, but puniſhes him at laſt, tho he makes him all his life time a damnable *ſmutty* fellow. And now, I think, having ſaid enough of his modeſt behaviour, 'twon't be amiſs to have a touch or two at his Hypocriſy. And firſt, concerning the word Smutt.

Smutt, Smutt! Why does this tarmagant Correcter of our Lives and Manners pretend to make us believe that his Mouth or Conſcience is ſo ſtreight, that the t'other word can't get paſſage, or did his Miſtreſs (honourable I mean) ſit knotting under his Noſe when he was writing, and ſo gave occaſion for the changing it inſtead of Bawdy, that that odious word might not offend her, tho the Phraſe was made Nonſence by it—hum—No faith, the caſe ſeems to me now to be quite otherwiſe, and really the effect of downright *Hypocriſy*, unleſs done as I ſaid for the laſt reaſon; for thoſe that have read his Book, may find ſprinkling up and down the other words extreamly plain upon occaſion, *Ribaldry* and *Bawdy*, and *Whores*, and *Whoring*, and *Strumpets*, and *Cuckoldmakers*, with as fat a ſignification as any of the laſt nam'd could wiſh for their
Collier, p. 30, 31. hearts; for example, by way of Tract, firſt, he ſays, *Euripides* in his *Hipolitus*, calls *Whoring* ſtupidneſs and playing the fool; and ſecondly,
p. 74. does *Ribaldry*, (not Smut) and Nonſence become the dignity of their
p. 208. ſtation. Again, *Berinthia* incourages *Amanda* to play the *Whore*; and then ſowſe upon *Don Quixot*, when there is not ſo much as one little tiny todpol of *Smut*, that I know of, unleſs he creates it—Yet I am
p. 178. Crambo'd with, *who, with low, nauſeous Bawdry fills his Plays.* Again ſpeaking of *Jupiter* and *Aclmena*—but her Lover—*that is her Whoremaſter.* And at laſt with a Rowzer upon Mr *Congreeve*'s *Double Dea-*
p. 12. *ler*, where he particularly Remarks, *that there are but four Ladies in his Play, and three of 'em are Whores*; adding, withal, that 'tis *a great Compliment to Quality, to tell em there is but a quarter of 'em honeſt.* Why who, in the name of *Diana*, and all the reſt of the Maiden *Goddeſſes*, does tell 'em ſo, unleſs it be Doctor *Crambo* here—If any one calls 'em *Whores* 'tis he, he that by an aſſum'd Authority thinks he may ſay any thing; the Ladies, I dare ſay for the Poet, were dreſt in ſuch clean Linnen, and were ſo far from being Tawdry, that no Scrutineer but our ſevere Maſter of Art but wou'd have thought Charitably of 'em. Well, but huge Rampant *Whores* they muſt be with him tho, and through that very mouth that ſimper'd and primm'd before, as if ſuch a filthy word cou'd not poſſibly break through: It comes out now in ſound and emphaſis, and the modeſt Pen is as prone and ready to write it. So that I once more affirm, that if it were not done in reſpect to his Lady, who, no doubt, peruſes him extreamly, it muſt naturally be the effect of *Hypocriſie*, for, to be ſqueamiſh in one place and not in another is Ridiculous, eſpecially when one word is Innocent in its kind, and makes the ſenſe, and the other when us'd makes it wretched Affectation, and almoſt Nonſence.

Now

Now if the *Abſolver* thought Affectation would appear a vertue in him, he ought to have ſqueamiſyed the before-mention'd Ladies with ſome title that was new, and if *Smutt* was choſen to be his fine darling word (and the courſe one of *Whores* ſlipt out of his Mouth, or from his Pen, by misfortune or chance) he ſhould, in my opinion, have given 'em the title of *Smutters:* a primming neat word extremely proper for the occaſion: And I hope I ſhall live to ſee the Maſter of Art have Modeſty enough to thank me for't; or elſe (for my fancy wou'd fain oblige him if it cou'd) to make it yet more *German* to the matter, as *Shakeſpear* has it, to call 'em *Colliers* would be as ſignificant as any thing; for there's alluſion enough to *Smutt*, or the Devil's in't: For, to deal ſincerely, and without *Hypocriſie*, I cannot imagine what this learned Gentleman can mean by all that Smutt, Smutt, when the other word is as decent and more ſignificant, unleſs he banters, or diſſembles, or fear'd the Ladies peeping, or is ſo full of his own name, that he goes along quibbling upon't through his Book, with deſign that way to make himſelf more famous.

In another part of his Treatiſe too I fancy I find the *Hypocrite* a great deal more than the *Moraliſt*, and that is, in his kecking at a word in one place, and gobbling it up in another. To prove this, I find him very like a Ghoſtly Father of the old *Roman* Kidney, condemning even to the Inquiſition: One *Carlos* in Mr *Dryden's Love Triumphant*, for blundring out this *horrible Expreſſion*, as he calls it, *Nature has given me my portion of Senſe, with a Pox to her.* Now pray obſerve, the *Abſolvers* Stomach is ſo horribly ſqueamiſh, at this he belches, turns pale, and is ſo very ſick, that a quartern of Cherry is adminiſtred in vain, to ſet him to rights; he prints inſtead of the word only a great P—— and tells the gentle Reader, (that he is intending to lead by the Noſe) that the *Helliſh ſyllable* may be found there at length if he pleaſes. Would not any one think now, that did not know that the Small Pox is a common Diſeaſe, that this word had been *Blaſphemy* in the extremity, the renouncing the Deity, or ſomething beyond pardon, and would not one lay a Scholars Egg againſt a Toſt and Ale, that the Doctor would ne're be concern'd with it as long as he was able to eat or drink either of 'em. Why ſee now how an honeſt man may be cheated; do but turn to the one hundred ſeventy ſecond page of his Book, and you will find this horrible, this helliſh, ſyllable, in its Pontificallibus, at length, ſitting almoſt a ſtraddle upon the top of the Page, and us'd familiarly and friendly, without ſo much as once kacking at it, or one invective near it, tho the ſenſe of the Curſe is as broad as t'other, and has rather the worſe ſignification.

Collier, p. 82.

Collier, p. 172.

And pray what can this be elſe but Hypocriſy; if the word were really terrifying and horrible to him, it would certainly be ſo in one place as well as another. No, no, theſe are only ſlights and amuſements, tricks of his own ſtudied Legerdemain, to make the bubbled ignorants believe him a Saint, and admire his Divinity, when, if they could dive to the bottom of the ſecret, 'tis ſolemnly believ'd by many of the dutiful Sons of the Church, that our Sham-reformer is a much fitter man to win Money by his skill at a game of Whisk and Swabbers, than as the caſe of Allegiance and Morality, ſtand with him.

him, to win Souls from Reprobation by the Integrity of his Principles.

I muſt treat ye with one inſtance more of his *Hypocriſie*, and then I paſs on to another Head. This inſtance I find Mr. *Vanbrook* has taken particular notice of at the latter end of his Book, where, 'tis true, every one may ſee the *Abſolvers* Foible is very plain, but that Author has not made the Caſe parallel with the others Remark upon Mr. *Congreve's* Comedy the *Old Batchelor*, which ſhews his contradiction of himſelf, and his fallacy undeniable, for there he ſeems to roar at young *Belmour* for his forgetfulneſs of Religion, at a minute when he is deſiring *Lætitia to give him leave to ſwear by her Lips and Eyes*, when he is kiſſing and telling her, *Eternity was in that moment.* In ſhort, when he has got her faſt in his Arms, and intends to go through ſtitch with the matter; for which he calls the Lady Strumpet, and raves at the ſmuttineſs of the Action; and yet, a little while after, in another page, rallies, jokes upon, and banters young *Worthy* in the *Relapſe*, for letting his Lady ſlip through his fingers, and calls him a *Town-Spark*, and a *Platonick Fool* for't. Hey Jingo, here's Riddling for ye! what would this whimſical Gentleman be at? firſt he rails at a Lover for holding a pretty Woman faſt, and then he jokes upon him for letting her go; this runs almoſt parallel with the Fable of the Satyr and the Traveller; but if the Doctor is obſerv'd to have the faculty of blowing hot and cold thus, I believe he may keep his breath either to cool his Porridge, or to warm his Fingers, and be much better employ'd, than by uſing it to make any Proſelytes to his Doctrine; and ſo much for this Head. Now let us try if we can ſcratch another, and find it out under his Night-cap of

Collier, p. 63.

Collier, p. 227.

## IMMORALITY.

It is not enough to prove a Man is a Moraliſt, only becauſe he is noted for a Regular Life; that may be one good inſtance indeed, but it can never arrive to a proof of the whole, for his living Soberly, and by Rule, may as well be caus'd by the defect of his Conſtitution, as by the effect of his Inclination, but 'tis the Spirit and Will, by the fire of whoſe other Virtues, this of Morality is kindled and illuſtrated. Now I will not be ſo byaſs'd by other Peoples opinions that know him, to ſay, That our devout Critick owes his ſeeming Piety, and good Life, to his ill habit of Body, nor will I load him with Abuſe, *right or wrong, as he has done me, particularly through a whole Chapter*, but leave that charitably to natural Conſcience, or ſtudied Artifice, which he pleaſes, and only reflect a little on the temper of his Mind, as I have found it blazing in this laſt, as well as others of his Books. In the firſt place, if Stubbornneſs, which cauſes wrong opinion of the preſent Regal Authority and Government, is an immoral Vice, if he is not tainted, I know not who is; for let any one, who is not blinded with Partiality, but read his *Deſertion Diſcuſs'd*, with the admirable Anſwer to it, and I am ſatisfied he cannot help joining with me in this opinion, That what he would inſinuate to be the effect of Right in others, and of Conſcience in himſelf, is nothing but the effect of Error in one, and Obſtinacy and Stubborn

born Will in t'other, a humour reſolv'd to defend and carry on a hot Argument, tho' it has been never ſo plain and reaſonably confuted: the Poſitions and Anſwers on this ſubject I ſhall not inſert here, but leave the Reader, whoſe curioſity obliges him, to the Papers themſelves, only I wiſh the *Abſolver* had made *Newgate* the laſt Scene of that part of his *Immorality*, and by an humble acknowledgment to his Patron that redeemed him, (I hope the word will bear in this place) have ſpar'd his Office of *Abſolution* in another Scene, and conſequently given no occaſion to believe that his diſobedient humour, and turbulent nature, ſtill proceeds daily, to cultivate his Party with the ſame Principles as far as he can.

Another ſpice of *Immorality* I believe I can make appear by his Pride, and tho' in other places it is to be found, yet is moſt fairly inſtanc'd in his *Book of Eſſays*, where, tho' we find one Chapter wholly upon that Vice, which, to ſhew his Juſtice, begins with a Compliment upon the ſame *Juvenal*, now he has uſe for him whom he call'd Pimp before, yet it has not bulk enough to Skreen from us his haughtineſs in another, which he calls the *Office of a Chaplain*, for there you ſhall find he has collected the Spirit of them all, and blended them into one Character; I mean the ill Spirits of the ill *Chaplains*, *thoſe that are good I honour.* Here you may find his Likeneſs in *Don Quixot*, *Roger* in the *Scornful Lady*, *Bull* in the *Relapſe*, *Say-grace*, *Cuff-cuſhion*, and others, all learning their Leſſons of their ſtubborn Superior our Reformer, and all tending to governing, brow-beating, ſnubbing, commanding Families, and the like, but not one word of *humility* tack'd to't, for fear of ſpoiling the Character; there you may find 24 pages, one after another, all written to prove moſt glorioufly, that 'tis impoſſible for a *Chaplain* to be a Servant; that tho' you find a poor fellow in a tatter'd Excommunicated Gown with one ſleeve, Shoes without heels, miſerable Antichriſtian breeches, with ſome two dozen of creepers brooding in the ſeams; and tho' you take him charitably to your Houſe, feed, clothe, and give him wages, yet he belongs only *to God*, and not you, and you muſt not think him your *Domeſtick*, but your *Superior*. Why, what a Scheme is here laid for Vanity and Folly, and how much more ſhining and beautiful does gratitude and humility appear in ſuch a Depender, than ſuch a bloated opinion as this? VVould any honeſt Gentleman, that has his ſences, ſhew his Indulgence and Generoſity to Wit or Learning, on ſuch terms as theſe? And does not this Chapter ſhew more the Spirit of Pride in our *Abſolver*, relating to his own humour, than the veneration he has for the Clergy, or the Juſtice he would ſeem to do them in it? I dare affirm, moſt of them are againſt this Opinion, at leaſt I m ſure all the modeſt part are, who cannot but own themſelves ſubſervient to their Patrons that maintain them, tho' at the ſame time they are Miniſters of *Gods holy Words and Sacraments*. Yet he buſſly goes on, *He is Gods Miniſter, not Mans Servant.* And a little way further, he clenches this admirable Notion through and through; therefore, ſays he, *for a Patron to account ſuch a Conſecrated Perſon, as if he belong'd to him as a Servant, is in effect to challenge Divine Honours, and ſet himſelf up for a God.* Here's Ambition, here's Perſecution, here's old *Bonner* for ye. Now by his *Hollidame*, for I can't forbear that Oath now, what can a ſqueamiſh Critick, that

*Office of a Chaplain*, p. 178. Ib. p. 185.

that would make *Remarks* upon the *Remarker* call this? But ſtay, he's at it again, *Dolopion*, ſays he, *was Prieſt to* Scamander, *and regarded like the God he belong'd to.* Pray mind him, the Prieſt was worſhipp'd equal with the God——oh rare Moraliſt——if he were, 'twas an *Ægyptian* Worſhip, where only *Calves* and *Apes*, and *Carrots* and *Onions*, were *Gods*. But pray let us ſee a little, has not this Divine quotation a tang of *Blaſphemy* in't? Oh fie, no; what, the *Moraliſt! Reformer* of *Vices*! ſpeak *Blaſphemy*! Impoſſible! he can't ſure! Yes, yes, he may, when he thinks no body can find him out: and faith, to my ſence now, this ſmells as rank of *Pandæmonium*, of fire and brimſtone, to the full, if not worſe, than Mr. *Dryden*'s Verſe, *Whether inſpir'd with a Diviner Luſt his Father got him*, &c. which is ſpoken only in the figurative Perſon of *David*; yet he ſays 'tis *downright defiance of the Living God, and the very Eſſence and Spirit of Blaſphemy.* And here now his Stomach wambled more terribly than before; ſo that if his Friend were by, he muſt of neceſſity hold the Baſon. Oh me! he reaches and reaches, and firſt up comes——egh—— *I queſtion whether*——egh—— *the torments and deſpair of the Damn'd*——egh——*dare venture at ſuch flights as theſe.* And now the Head being held by the ſame hand, at two reaches more it comes all up, mix'd with a Tincture of old *Bonner* again--egh--*I can't forbear ſaying, that the next bad thing to writing theſe Impieties*--egh--*is to ſuffer them.* And now the Fit's over, leaving us to imagine what rare Church Diſcipline we ſhould have, if this Gentleman, and his Cat with nine Tails, were in Power; I think a Couplet or two here, by way of Advice to him, is not improper.

Collier, p. 113.

Abſalom and Achit.

Collier, p. 184.

*Weeſils*, p. 11.

> Your Tribe ſhould all be in Opinion ſteady,
> Not turn or wind for Power or for Place,
> Nor covet Wealth but in Spiritual Grace.
> The Gifts of *Mammon* you ſhould ne'r implore,
> Nor wiſh for Gold, unleſs to give the Poor;
> It makes your Art contemptible appear,
> Leſs follow'd too, and look'd into more near;
> For if all thoſe that preach up Paradice,
> Will have their ſhares of every human Vice,
> They ſhall Cant long enough e're I believe,
> Or pin my Soul's Salvation on their ſleeve.

Here now, ten to one, but I ſhall make our Reformer fall into another fit, by pretending to Counſel him, or take his Office of Ordinary upon my ſelf; for in page 138. he will not give us that leave, *What, is the Pulpit under the Diſcipline of the Stage? And are thoſe fit to correct the Church, that are not fit to come into it?* Ah! Doctor, rub your eyes a little, and ſee what the Vindicator of the Stage ſays, quoting Divine *Herbert*:

Collier, p. 138.

> *A Verſe may find him who a Sermon flies,*
> *And turn delight into a Sacrifice.*

Beſides I do aſſure you, ſpite of your Ghoſtly Authority, and Uncharitable Poſition, that we are not fit, we will come in, and not only imbibe the Myſtery of *Divinity* from the Pulpit, but unriddle the Myſtery of *Iniquity*, if we can find any there. *Ben Johnſon* found out *Ananias* and *Rabby Buiſy*; *Fletcher*, *Hypocritical Roger*, *Shakeſpear*, Sir

*John*

*John* of *Wrotham*; *Congreve*, *Say-grace*; *Vanbrook*, *Bull*; *Shadwell*, *Smirk*; and if *Durfey* can find out a proud, ſtubborn, immoral one, that when he was a Country Curate, *would not let the Children be brought to Church to be Chriſtned for ſome odd Jeſuitical Reaſons* beſt known to himſelf, he ſhall preſume to draw his Picture, tho the *Abſolver* drop another Chapter of Abuſe upon him for ſo doing.

* *Bernard*, * *The Chaplain's Name in* Don Quixot.

We find, for many Ages paſt, Poets have enjoy'd this Priviledge; our Prince of Poets, *Chaucer*, had ſo much to do in this kind, that we find him weary himſelf, and loth to weary others with it.

Of Freers I have told before,
In a making of a Crede,
And yet I could tell worſe, or more,
But Men would werien it to read.

Chaucer.

This I think is pithy, but here again I think his Counſel to them is much better.

Fly fro the Preaſe and dwell with ſothfaſtneſs,
Suffice unto thy good, tho it be ſmall,
For horde hath, and climbing tickleneſs,
Preaſe hath Enby, and wele is blent ore all;
Sabour no more then thee behode ſhall,
Rede wele thy ſelf that other folk canſt rede,
And trouth thee ſhall deliver it is no drede.

Now if he be Moral enough to take old *Chaucer*'s Advice I ſhall be glad; and ſo much for that ſubject. There is nothing now remains, before I come to vindicate *Don Quixot*, but a large Remark of his, upon the little or no ſwearing in Plays, which commonly is only a kind of an Interjection, as gad, I cod, oonz, *&c.* which I don't defend neither, and if any others have carelelly paſt the Preſs I'm ſorry for't, for I hate them as much as he, yet becauſe the Doctor has quoted the Statute Law againſt it and Players, to ſlander on one ſide, tho' to reform on t'other, I will in return quote another piece of Law relating to Oaths, extreamly for his advantage, for there is only this quibbling difference between us, 'Tis a fault in us in ſwearing when we ſhould not, and in him for not ſwearing when he ſhould; but that now he may have occaſion to ſay my Civilities are particular to him, I will make him do't.

*I* J. C. *do ſincerely promiſe and ſwear, that I will be faithful, and bear true Allegiance to His Majeſty King* William: *And I do ſwear that I do, from my heart, abhor, deteſt and abjure, as Impious and Heretical, that damnable Doctrine and Poſition, that Princes excommunicated, or depriv'd by the Pope, or any Authority of the See of* Rome, *may be Depos'd or Murther'd by their Subjects, or any other whatſoever.*

*And I do declare that no Foreign Prince, Perſon, Prelate, State or Potentate, hath, or ought to have, any Juriſdiction, Power, Superiority, Preeminence or Authority, Eccleſiaſtical or Spiritual, within this Realm.* So help me God.

This

This now, with a sincerity proper, and coming to Church to hear our Divine Service, with the *Prayer* for the *King* in't, would give one a little satisfaction as to the Doctors present opinion, for what he has been, if you will but examine and scan it by his Book, tho it be a Reforming Book, is I am sure very disputable; in one Page of it he seems very zealous for the Protestant Reformation, and says, being very much piqu'd at *Sir John Brute*'s putting on a Clergy-man's Habit in the *Provok'd Wife*, *that the Church of* England, *he means the Men in her, is the only communion in the world, that will endure such insolencies as these*; and this, tho it be somewhat *Bonnerish* again, and *Switcher*-like, yet however seems to leer of our side; but then presently in another place he's as zealous for the *Roman* Sect, and Jesuitically condemns a little wholesom Satyr in the Character of a pamper'd hypocritical covetous *Spanish Fryer*, for incivility in making him a Pimp to *Lorenzo*, and is very angry at the Author for calling this virtuous person *a parcel of holy Guts and Garbidge*, and telling him *that he has room in his Belly for his Church-steeple*; and here his Lash is up again for abusing them—— oh—— if *Doctor Absolution* were Inquisitor general, and a Satyrist against Priests came under his hand, mercy upon us, how that poor Rascal would be flaug'd, for I find 'tis only the person of the Priest that he would have reverenc'd, let his opinion be what it will; nay, tho he were a *Priest of Baal*, as may be prov'd a little further, for here his Zeal shews itself not only for Christians, but the very *Turks* too; and cavils again with *Jacinta*, in the *Mock Astrologer*, for jesting with *Alla*, and honest *Mahomet*, for he was a Brother Priest too: But stay, what's worst of all, have but patience to walk to another Page, and here you will find him just sinking into a downright doze and despondency, whither he had best set up for any Religion at all, or at least for one very indifferent.

Collier, F. 108.

Collier, p. 58.

Collier, p. 61.

Collier, p. 28. *Our Poets, I suppose, would call this Preaching, and think it a dull business; however, I can't forbear saying, an honest Heathen is none of the worst men, a very indifferent Religion well believ'd, will go a great way*—— Will it so, pray friends de'e not think our hot reforming Gentleman is very Luke-warm here, or not a little craz'd when he writ this, or, as the vulgar have it, was not his mighty Wit run a Wool-gathering; for if he be for *Protestantism*, and *Popery*, and then whip——amongst the *Bens of the* Arabians *for* Alla *and* Mahomet, and at last for little or no Religion at all, I'm afraid I shall never bring my self to be reform'd by him. And so at him agen Weesil.

*Weesils.* For who with Reason, if this be your way,
Will ever value what you Preach or Pray.

But now I think I have said enough for the Plays, whose Authors are much better able to speak for themselves; and therefore will fall off to vindicate my self a little, and my Acquaintance *Don Quixot*; in which I will endeavour to prove another Immoral Vice in our Stage-Reformer, which is

## *Injustice and Error in Criticism.*

And first, his *Injustice* appears by his ungentlemanlike exposing me and others by name, upon a scandalous occasion (as he endeavours to make

make it) without any Injury done by me to him, or ever giving him any provocation, or the Play's any way deſerving it. Oh, but he'll ſay his Conſcience urg'd him to do it——No——not a jot; 'twas dear darling Intereſt, in good faith, as ſhall hereafter appear; but in the mean time I am planted upon the ſhoulders of a Gyant, which is the Ingenious Author of the Hiſtory of *Don Quixote*; and there indeed he gueſſes right, tho' he knows nothing of him or of his Hiſtory, as I will prove by and by, but confidently, and Abſolver-like, he ranges his objections under three heads, which are every one malicious and falſe, *viz.*

Firſt, *The Prophaneneſs, with reſpect to Religion and the Holy Scriptures.*

Secondly, *The Abuſe of the Clergy.*

Thirdly, *The want of Modeſty, and Regard to the Audience.*

Well, to prove the Prophaneneſs, he firſt inſtances a bold Song of mine, as he calls it, againſt Providence; four of the laſt lines of which he is only pleas'd to ſhew ye.

* *But Providence, that form'd the fair* D Quix. p. 1. p. 20.
*In ſuch a charming ſkin,*
*Their outſide made its only care,*
*And never look'd within.*

*Here,* ſays he, *the Poet tells ye Providence makes Mankind by halves, huddles up the Soul, and takes the leaſt care of the better Moyety; this is direct blaſpheming the Creation, and a Satyr upon God Almighty.* Why, now this, I confeſs, is enough to provoke ſome heat in a fellow of my Conſtitution, to hear this Religious Raving; but yet it looks ſo like *Oliver's Porter's in Bedlam*, that I will be calm, and patiently holding up my hand, plead *Not Guilty*——to all of theſe objections. But firſt, pray why does he foyſt in the word Mankind here to expreſs the Female Sex, when t'other word is ſo much more proper. I did intend indeed a ſmall Satyr upon *Womankind*, purſuant to *Marcella*'s Character, and he has vary'd from that word, I ſuppoſe, to amuſe the Reader——I'll give ye the whole Stanza. Collier p. 97.

Did coy *Marcella* own a Soul
As beauteous as her Eyes,
Her Judgment wou'd her Sence controul,
And teach her how to prize.
But Providence, that form'd the fair
In ſuch a charming Skin,
Their outſide made its only care,
And never look'd within.

I only rally a pretty coy wench here for her ſullen ill nature, without any Satyr on the Deity, or any thing like it; for as to the *Blaſphemy*, as he calls it, by naming the word *Providence*, 'tis generally intended in Lyrical Poetry for *Goddeſs Nature*, or *Fortune*, as Mr *Vanbrooke* notes; but never apply'd ſeriouſly to the true Deity, but only by Dr *Crambo*. How often have we this phraſe in Poetry, *Nature has made her Body charming*; *ſee her bright Eyes, the charming gifts of Nature*, &c. making uſe ſtill of the ſecond cauſe inſtead of the firſt, which we yet know to be the original of all. And 'tis no more Blaſphemy to ſay that Providence took more care of a perverſe beautiful Womans Body than her Soul, than 'tis to ſay that the Sun made a gay Tulip flouriſh in a Garden

to delight the Eye, not caring three-pence tho it never ſmelt ſo ſweet as a Province Roſe.

But I have a Rigid Critick and a Severe Inquiſitor to deal with—— He will have a Satyr upon the true Deity, tho I intend nothing of it. And to go on, my next advance he ſays is to Droll upon the *Reſurrection*; and to prove it, ſquirts out theſe two lines, which are pick'd out of twenty——which he thinks are fit for his purpoſe—— Ibid.

*Sleep and Indulge thy ſelf with reſt,*
*Nor dream thou e're ſhalt riſe again.*

Now you muſt know this Song was deſign'd a ſolemn piece of Morality, and ſung as a Requiem or Dirge at the Funeral of *Ambroſio*—— A young Gentleman that dy'd for Love of the aforeſaid *Marcella*—— You ſhall have it all, that you may judge what Drolling is in't.

(1.)

D. Quix. p 20. Sleep, ſleep, poor Youth, ſleep, ſleep in peace,
Reliev'd from Love, and mortal care,
Whilſt we that pine in Life's diſeaſe,
Uncertain bleſt, leſs happy are.

(2.)

Couch'd in the dark and ſilent Grave,
No ills of Fate thou now canſt fear;
No more ſhall Tyrant Power inſlave,
Or ſcornful Beauty be ſevere.

(3.)

Wars, that do fatal Storms diſperſe,
Far from thy happy Manſion keep:
Earthquakes, that ſhake the Univerſe,
Can't rock thee into ſounder ſleep.

(4.)

With all the Charms of Peace poſſeſt,
Secur'd from Life's tormentor, Pain:
Sleep and indulge thy ſelf with reſt,
Nor dream thou e're ſhall riſe again.

(5.)

Paſt are the Pangs of fear and doubt,
The Sun is from the Dial gone,
The Sands are ſunk, the Glaſs is out,
The folly of the Farce is done.

Now will I be judg'd by any reaſonable Man, if theſe words comparatively are not fitter for an *Anthem* than a Droll, but the Reformers way of doing me Juſtice, is to take bits and morſels out of things, that for want of the connexion, they may conſequently appear ridiculous, as here he does. Again, in his third objection againſt my third Song, where he ſays——*I*, (that is in my own perſon) *make a jeſt of the Fall, rail at* Adam *and* Eve; and then *Oliver's Porter* raving again, ſays, *I burleſque the Conduct of God Almighty*; now, pray judge whether it ought to be Conſtru'd ſo or no. This Song is ſuppos'd to be made and ſung by *Gines de Paſſamonte*, a moſt notorious Atheiſtical Villain, who, as he is going Chain'd to the Galleys, is redeem'd from them by *Don Quixot* in his frantick fit; after which, being extreamly pleas'd at Ibid.

the

the ſucceſs, he, to make his deliverer merry, entertains him with this Vindication of a Rogue, which is indeed a Satyr upon Humanity in general. I will add agen to our Criticks morſel, for he notes but the four firſt lines in a place, and give ye one whole Stanza.

When the World firſt knew Creation,
A Rogue was a Top profeſſion;
When there were no more
In all Nature but four,
There were two of 'em in Tranſgreſſion.
And the ſeeds are no leſs
Since that we may gueſs,
But have in all Ages bin growing apace;
And Lying and Thieving,
Craft, Pride and Deceiving,
Rage, Murder and Roaring,
Rape, Inceſt and Whoring,
Branch out from Stock, the rank Vices in vogue,
And make all Mankind one Gigantical Rogue.

And ſo on: Now tho I grant this might be look'd on as prophane in it ſelf, without application, yet when ſpoken by one of his Character, whom I deſign to expoſe, it is no more than natural Character, and has ſo little the quality of Prohaneneſs, that my impartial Reader will find a very good Moral in it, by the odious repreſentation of ſuch Atheiſtical impudence; yet our good natur'd Critick makes me the Prophaner. He, cramm'd full of wonderful Juſtice, makes me the *Vice* my ſelf, that only act the true duty of a Poet, and hold up the Glaſs for others to ſee their *Vices* in, but his Malice will not be Authentick with every one, no more than his next Addle Criticiſm, upon my uſing the word *Redeemer* will bear the Teſt; for he that will argue that that word may not be innocently ſpoken in Temporal Matters, becauſe it is ſometimes us'd as a *Divine Attribute*, will prove himſelf rather a Coxcomb than a Caſuiſt: And yet for only this poor word the Cat with Nine Tails are up again, and the Inquiſitor in a rage cries out, *theſe inſolencies are too big for the Correction of a Pen.* Very fine, what horrible correction this deſerves, is eaſily judg'd, and I believe 'twill be own'd too, that if Doctor Abſolution (when the charitable Prelates good Nature and Purſe got him out of his Stone Apartment yonder, into which *his bigotted obſtinacy and not his tender Conſcience* had thrown him) did not think him his *Redeemer*, and thank him as his *Redeemer*, he does not only deſerve Correction for his wicked ingratitude. (which *eſpecially in one of his Coat, is an immoral Cheat upon Heaven*) but to have the ſame puniſhment that another of his Coat and Kidney lately had, for a Cheat upon the Government and People. Collier, p. 198.

But to go on: In the next place he finds fault with my making ſport with Hell, and recites ſix Lines, which are made of Dogril Stuff, on purpoſe by the Duke's Servants, who, for his diverſion, Acting a kind of Farce are to fright *Sancho* with Goblings and Furies——but to ſhew his own Wit in the firſt Onſet here, he has notably made the two firſt Lines half nonſence.

Collier, p. 198.

*Appear ye fat Fiends that in Limbo do groan,*
*That were, when in fleſh, the ſame Souls as his own.*

Inſtead of —— *that wore when in fleſh*, &c.

*You that always in* Lucifer's *Kitchin reſide,*
*'Mongſt Sea-coal and Kettles, and Greaſe newly Try'd,*
*That pamper'd each day with the Garbidge of Souls,*
*Broil Raſhers of Fools for a Break-faſt on Coals.*

Words adapted only to *Sancho*'s Clownſhip, courſe Breeding and Kitchin Profeſſion, and with no more intent of Impiety in them, than if one ſhould put on a Devils Vizard to play with a Child, does he note again as horrible Prophaneneſs, and ſays he does me no wrong in't; now if he inſiſts that Hell is too ſerious a thing to ridicule, why, perhaps, I think ſo too, in its Intenſe quality; but to act a Goblin, a Ghoſt, a Frog, or a Fury, and to ſing to a Country Clown of ſuch Bugbear matters, only to cauſe a little Diverſion in a Noblemans Houſe, has always been very cuſtomary, eſpecially at Feſtivals, and far from being thought to ridicule the main matter. The *Abſolver*, to turn back a little, affirms indeed, That *thoſe that bring Devils upon the Stage, can hardly believe them any where elſe*; but I can give an inſtance, that our famous *Ben Johnſon*, who I will believe had a Conſcience as good as the Doctors, and who liv'd in as Pious an Age, in his Comedy call'd the *Devil's an Aſs*, makes his firſt Scene a Solemn Hell, where *Lucifer* ſits in State with all his Privy-Council about him: and when he makes an under Pug there beaten and foul'd by a Clod-pated Squire and his wanton Wife, the Audience took the Repreſentation morally, and never keck'd at the matter. Nay, *Milton*, tho' upon his ſacred Subject, comes very near the ſame thing too; but we muſt not laugh at ſilly *Sancho*, nor put on a Devils face to fright him, but we muſt be diſciplin'd; nay, more, Preſented for it. Here, tho I digreſs a little, I cannot forbear telling ſome, that were too buſie in doing that Office, that 'tis more eaſie to accuſe our Writings for Blaſphemous, than to prove them to be ſo. To detect us indeed fairly, and prove it upon us, would deſerve ſevere Chaſtiſement; but if it be miſtake, and our reputations are injur'd by Raſhneſs and Injuſtice, or Ignorance, reflection upon it is at leaſt reaſonable, and juſt reproof I think not improper. But to go on; my next fault is the Aſs that's brought upon the Stage in the Epilogue, with two lines alluding to *Balaam*'s.

Collier, p. 189.

Vid. *Devil's an Aſs*, p. 9.

*And as 'tis ſaid a Parlous Aſs once ſpoke,*
*When Crab-tree Cudgel did his rage provoke*, &c.

Collier, p. 199.

Here he ſays, *I brought the Aſs in only to laugh at the Miracle*: Not I, truly, I had no ſuch intention upon my word; I brought the Aſs in, and *Dogget* upon him, only to make the Audience laugh at his figure at the end of the Play, as well as they had at the beginning; but I believe if I had put an *Abſolver* upon his back, giving him a Bleſſing, it would have been more divertive by half; but let him alone, the next horrible Crime is, I meddle with Churchmen, and there my *malice makes me*, he

Collier, p. 200.

ſays, *lay about me like a Knight Errant*; but I believe I ſhall prove, for all the modeſty he pretends to, that his malice is more in reference to Poets, than ever mine was to Churchmen. Well, my Second Part begins, he ſays, with *the Devil's being brought upon the Stage*, who cries,

*As*

*As he hopes to be sav'd; and* Sancho *warrants him a good Christian.* Now this is a ridiculous mistake, for this Devil is only a Butler, and a Jest of his *Giants*, the witty Author of the History of *Don Quixot*, where one of the Dukes Servants acting a Devils Part to fright the Knight and Squire, blunders it out before he is aware, and *Sancho* hearing it, as foolishly replies. This would be humorously witty now with any one but our Critick; but he's resolv'd to see double, as he does presently again with my *deep-mouth'd swearing* which he says is frequent, tho' he has quoted none on't, and therefore the Reader is not oblig'd to believe him. But then I have made the *Curate* Perez *assist at the ridiculous Ceremony of* Don Quixot; I have so——what then?——but I have made him *have wit enough*, however, to know *Don Quixot* for a Madman; but then *Sancho*, by way of Proverb, tells him, *Ah---consider dear Sir, no Man is born wise*: to which briskly replies the Doctor, *What if he were born wise, he might be bred a Fool.* Faith, no Doctor; and to be free with ye *(en Raillere)* as you have been with me, I must beg leave to tell ye, If you had been born wise enough to be a Reformer, your Breeding could never have made ye Fool enough to be an Absolver; I mean in a Case like you know what; but let us proceed. The next is a swinger, and his Lash cuts even to the blood: for here *Sancho*, full of innocent simplicity, says, *A Bishop is no more than another Man, without Grace and good Breeding.* To which he presently darts out, *I must needs say, if the Poet had any share of either of these Qualities, he would be less bold with his Superiors, and not give his Clowns the liberty to Droll thus heavily upon a solemn Character.* Why, faith, now this is very hard, I have known a Country Wench name a *Bishop* in the Burning-too of a Hasty-Pudding, and never heard that any of the Reverend took it ill, because it was a Common Saying, and below their notice. But poor *Sancho*, or rather indeed *Sancho*'s Poet, my self, must be corrected for it, tho' the Phrase be Moral, and no more than an honest truth: But come, since it must be so, let me ask the Doctor why he does not shew me an example for this himself, and Practise better before he Accuses; for let the Reader look into his *Desertion Discuss'd* (for he shall find that I have trac'd him through all his Writings) and page the 3d you will find him, I think, somewhat more guilty of this fault than I have been, for there you'll see he insolently affirms, *That the Succession cannot be interrupted by an Act of Parliament, especially when the Royal Assent is given by a King* de Facto, *and not* de Jure. And again; tho' this next is hinted covertly, with the meaning disguis'd, yet Sir *William Temple* in his Memoirs, page 295. and the aforesaid Vindicater of the Stage, as well as my self, have observed, that the *Absolver*, in the first Volume of his Essays, page 120. in his Chapter of the *Aspect*, tells us, *Whether the honesty or dishonesty are discernable in the face, is a question which admits of dispute*; *King* Charles *the Second thought he could depend upon these Observations, but, with submission, I believe an instance might be given, in which his Rules of Physiognomy fail'd.* Now I'm sure the first is insolently plain, and the next shews enough to let us into his meaning; which granted, I think I may say, he ought to be less bold with his Superiors too, and not give himself the liberty to treat at this rate, not only a Solemn, but a *Royal Character.* Well, the next is, I, (naming me) take care to tell ye, that

Collier, Ibid.

Ibid.

*Desertion Discuss'd*, Anno 1688.

*Essays*, p. 120.

*Sancho*

*Sancho* is *a dry shrewd Country fellow* in his Character, *because he blunders out Proverbs upon all occasions, tho never so far from the purpose*—— and merrily drolls upon me for making blundering and talking nothing to the purpose, an argument of shrewdness——Why truly, I must confess to the Doctor, there is no great matter in that Argument, and not much whither there be or no——But, as unperforming as I am, I fancy I shall find as great a Blunder in his performance presently——

Essays p. 118. *We ought to be just in our Looks, as well as in our Actions*, says he in his Essays, *for the mind may be declar'd one way no less than the other: A man might as good break his Word as his Face, especially upon some Critical occasions.* Now what he means by a mans breaking his Face there, unless he is to run his Nose against a Post, I can't imagine; and therefore will set it down for a Blunder——And so there's Tit for Tat, and the Dice in my hand still. But poor *Sancho* is horribly unfortunate agen, for by and by he catches him answering the Curate, who threatens him for calling him Finisher of Fornication, and Conjunction Copulative, with

Collier, p. 201. Excommunication, *I care not if you do*, says *Sancho*, *I shall lose nothing by it but my Nap in an afternoon.* Why truly this might be thought a little sawcy from one in Trowsers, to one in a Cassock, especially as the Reformer would have him reverenc'd. But perhaps this Pragmatical Curate *Perez* was some *Non-Juror*, and poor *Sancho* did not think he should profit by his Doctrine; and then the honest fellow was much in the right. This puts me in mind of a passage in one of Mr *Crown*'s Comedies, where a surly Joyner is rallying with a Doctor of no very good Reputation too; *Sirrah, Sirrah, says the Doctor, I shall have your Ears——No, no, says* Chizzel, *never when you Preach, Doctor.* Our Absolver may apply this now as he pleases.

Ibid. And here are a bundle of faults together——*Jodolet*, another Priest, is call'd holy Cormorant, only because he eats a Turkey, and drinks a Bottle or two of Malaga for his Breakfast; and the Poet is jerk'd because a gormandizing *Romish* Priest is call'd a Pimp agen; and the Duke's Steward, *Manuel*, is no *witty pleasant fellow*, because he calls the Chaplain, whom I mention'd in the beginning of my Preface, and who is, no doubt, the sole occasion of this Gentleman's Pique to me——Mr *Cuff-cushion*; and because having an insight into his Character, he tells

Ibid him, *a Whore is a Pulpit he loves*; but my hope is, that my Reader will think him no fool for this, tho the Carper does, who then tells the Chaplain *Saygrace, and he supposes prays to God to bless the entertainment of the Devil*, tho there is not a word of a Grace spoke at all; and after, when he grows hot, positive, and impertinent, which the Duke his Patron being at Table, only bears with, to divert himself, he insolently calls *Don Quixot*, Don Coxcomb, who justly enrag'd, returns

Collier, p. 202. him this Language: *Oh thou vile black Fox, with a Firebrand in thy Tail, thou very Priest, thou kindler of all Mischiefs in all Nations, de'e hear, Homily, did not the reverence I bear these Nobles——I would so thrum your Cassock, you Church Vermin*——Here now, to shew his Justice he slily stops and gives a dash, so makes it Nonsense, but I shall make bold to piece it out again. *Did not the reverence I bear these Nobles, tye up my hands from doing my self Justice, I would so thrum your Cassock you Church Vermin*——Now, because my Reader shall find that I have naturally pur-

su'd

ſu'd the character of this Chaplain, as *Don Quixot*'s Hiſtorian has preſented him to me, you ſhall hear what account he gives of him. Here is, ſays he, *a good Character of a poor Pedant; one of them that govern great men's Houſes, one of thoſe, that as they are not born Noble, ſo they know not how to inſtruct thoſe that are; one of thoſe, that would have great men's Liberality meaſur'd by the ſtreightneſs of their own Minds; one of thoſe, that teaching thoſe they govern to be frugal, would make 'em miſerable.* Now this conſiderable perſon as you find him here, who was indeed for his ſenſeleſs humour of deſigning to govern——us'd no otherwiſe than as the Buffoon of the Family takes upon him to call *Don Quixot* (whom the Authour imbelliſhes, with all manner of learning and good ſenſe, bating his whimſical Chimæra of Kight Errantry) *Goodman Dulpate* and *Don Coxcomb*. Well, however the *Switcher* here has eſcap'd for his uſuge of a Gentlemen in or near this manner, I believe my Judges will agree, that my Knight was ſo far from injuring the ſawcy Trencherfly, by the reply he gave him, that if he had not known and practic'd good breeding, better than the other, he would have broke his head into the bargain. As for his bidding him adieu in Language too prophane and ſcandalous for our Reformer to relate, is impoſſible, for he has prov'd often enough the contrary of that in his Book already. But for the Song in the Fourth Act, where the Country Fellow ſays, *Folks never mind now what thoſe black Cattle ſay*: He is only ſuppos'd for another Bumpkin, that amongſt the reſt of the Pariſhoners, had found out the Parſons blind ſide, and ſo behind his back took occaſion to put a joke upon him, as well as the reſt in that Satyr mention'd.

Shelton's Tranſlation of the Hiſtory of D. Quix. Chap. 31. p. 192.

Ibid.

And now his third place is to prove my want of Modeſty, and regard to the Audience——And here he's chewing his ſavoury word *Smutt* agen, and ſays *Sancho* and *Tereſa* talk it broad; but ſince his Modeſty has not quoted it, I hope my Reader will believe ſo well of mine, to think I have not written it; I aſſure him I don't know of any. And I have prov'd our Reformer can miſtake, as he does of *Marcellas* Epilogue, who Raves, he ſays, with Raptures of Indecency, when the poor Creature is ſo cold, after her hot fit, that ſhe rather wants a dram of the Bottle——But now, Bounce, for a full charge of Small Shot; here he has gather'd up a heap of Epithets together, without any words between, or connexion to make 'em ſenſe; and this he ſays I divert the Ladies with——*Snotty noſe, filthy vermin in the Beard, Nitty Jerkin, and Louſe ſnapper, with the Letter in the Chamber-pot, and natural evacuation.* Why truly this is pretty ſtuff indeed, as his Ingenuity has put it together——but I hope every one will own, that each of theſe ſingly, when they are tagg'd to their ſenſible phraſes, may be proper enough in Farce or Low Comedy; but as he has modell'd 'em, 'tis true they are very frightful——And if I had nothing to ſing or ſay to divert Ladies better than this, I ſhould think my ſelf ſo deſpicable, that I would e'en get into the next Plot, amongſt his Brother Grumblers——then deſpairing, do ſome doughty thing to deſerve hanging, and depend upon no other comfort but his Abſolution.

Collier, p. 203.

I remember, being lately at St. *James*'s, this very part of the Doctors Book was read or rather ſpelt out to me, with tickling ſatisfaction, by one whoſe Wit and good Manners are known to be juſt of the ſame weight

weight, who, since he can be merry so easily, he shall laugh at some of the Reformers Hotch-potch too, as I have mingled it for him. *Jewish Tetragramaton, Stigian Frogs, reeking Pandæmoniums, Debauch'd Protagonists, Nauseous Ribaldry, Ranting Smutt, Abominable Stench,* Venus *and St* George Juliana, *the Witch and the Parson of* Wrotham, *with the admirable Popish Story of the Woman that went to the Play-house and brought home the Devil with her*——And the Devil's in't indeed, if this charming Rhetorick of his, (since he calls mine so) especially joyn'd with that fine story, from *Tertullian*, don't divert the Ladies as well as t'other; for 'tis very like a Catholick miracle you must know, and the top wit of it is, that when the Parson is Conjuring, *he asks the Devil how he durst attack a Christian?* who, like an admirable Joker as he was, answers, *I have done nothing but what I can justify, for I seiz'd her upon my own ground.* Now let the Devil be as witty as he can, I am sure the story, maugre *Tertullian*'s Authority, or the Doctor's either, is confounded silly, and downright nonsence, what credit soever it has with him for its likeness to Jesuiticism. And now I think I have prov'd too, that *a Clergy-man can speak nonsence, pass it for humour too, and gratify his ease and his malice at once, without a Poet's putting his into his Mouth.* And since we have been speaking of quibbling, I shall digress a little to entertain the Reader on that subject. Our Critick rallies Mr *Dryden*'s *Sancho* in *Love Triumphant*, for saying, *don't provoke me, I'm mischievously bent*, to which *Carlos* a man of sense replys, *nay you are bent enough in conscience, but I have a bent Fist for Boxing. Here* says he (smartly) *you have a brace of quibbles started in a line and a half*——Very true, you have so——But suppose quibbling or punning——but I think this, is call'd punning—— Is this Gentlemans humour——if so, being a Soldier, I don't see it calls his sense in question at all——but now pray let's see, how our Critick manages a quibble, with a blunder tack'd to the Tail on't, in the page before, there, in the aforesaid Play, *Celidea* in a passion cries,

Collier's Epethetes

Collier, p. 257

Collier, p. 178.

Collier, p. 68.

*Great Nature break thy Chain that links together*
*The Facrick of this Globe, and make a Chaos,*
*Like that within my Soul*——

*Now*, says the Doctor, keen as a Razor, *if she had call'd for a Chair, instead of a Chaos, tripp'd off, and kept her folly to herself, the woman had been wiser.* Calling for a Chair instead of a Chaos is an extreme pretty Quibble truly—— but if the Critick had let the Chair-men have tripp'd off with her, instead of doing it herself as she sat in a Chiar, I'm sure the blunder had been sav'd, and I think he had expresst himself a little wiser than he has——And come, now my hand's in, let's parallel Mr *Dryden* with our Reformer a little longer——*Church-men* (says *Benducar* in *Don Sebastian*,

Collier, p. 104

*Tho they Itch to govern all,*
*Are silly, woful awkward Politicians,*
*They make lame mischiefs, tho they meant it well.*

*So much the better*, says he, *for 'tis a sign they are not beaten to the trade*—— Oh, that's a mistake, Doctor, they may be beaten to the Trade, and yet be bunglers——And proceeding:

Ibid,

*Their Interest is not finely drawn, and hid,*
*But Seams are coursely bungled up, and seen.*

*These*

*These Lines*, says he, *are an Illustration taken from a Taylor.* They are so, but what Justice is it in him to lessen 'em, whose own flights are ten times more ridiculous: For example, talking just before of tumbling the Elements together, he says, *and since we have shewn our skill of Vaulting on the High Ropes, a little Tumbling on the Stage may not do amiss for variety.* And now I will refer my self to the severest Critick of his party, whether an Illustration taken from a Taylor is not better than one taken from a Vagabond Rope-dancer, or Tumbler, forty times over; but his sense and way of Writing he thinks will infallibly overcome censure; not with me I assure him, to confirm it I must remark him once more, and then my digression shall end. He tells ye *Cleora*, in the Tragedy of *Cleomenes*, *is not very charming, her part is to tell you*, her Child suck'd to no purpose. Collier, p. 168.

*It pull'd and pull'd but now, but nothing came;*
*At last it drew so hard that the Blood follow'd,*
*And that red Milk I found upon its Lips,*
*Which made me swoon for fear* —— Cleomenes.

There, says he, is a description of sucking for ye: And then like another Devil of a Joker runs on, truly *one would think the Muse on't were scarcely wean'd*——Very likely; and here I warrant he thinks his Witty Criticism, as safely hous'd now as a Thief in a Mill, as the old Saw has it, did not his plaguee want of Memory now and then contrive to disgrace him; for if you turn to the thirty fourth page of his Lampoon, as Mr *Vanbrooke* calls it, after he has been comparing a fine young Lady to a *Setting-bitch-teacher*.

*Lower yet*——*down, down*, and after he has been bringing forth a Litter of Mr *Congreeves* Epithetes, as he calls them, *soothing softness, sinking Ease, wasting Air, thrilling Fears, and incessant scalding Rain*, all Crude, just as he did mine before, without any connexion of sense to 'em: He tells ye more plain in troth than wittily, that *they make the Poem look like a Bitch overstock'd with Puppies, and sucks the sense almost to Skin and Bone.* For a Child to suck the Mother till the Blood follows, I think is not unreasonable, but for a Litter of Epithetes to suck the sense of a Poem to the Skin and Bone, is such Fustian Stuff, that nothing but a Creature, only fit for a Sucking-bottle, could be Author of——And now I think if he has given me any *Crocus Metallorum*, I am even with him with a Dose of *Tollop*, and can whisk too from one Play to another indifferently well, tho not so fast as he; for when I perus'd him first, I could compare him to nothing but an Humble Bee in a Meadow, Buz upon this Daizy, Hum upon that Clover, then upon that Butter-flower——sucking of Honey, as he is of Sense——or as if upon the hunt for knowledge, he could fly from hence to the Colledge at *Downy*, then to St. *Peter*s at *Rome*, then to *Mahomet* at *Mecha*, then to the Inquisition at *Goa*——And then buz home again to his own dormitory in *Shoe-lane*: And so much for his injustice, now to his errour in Criticism again, and to proceed in defence of *Don Quixot*. Collier, p. 34. Ibid.

*Mary* the Buxom, he says now swears faster 'tis false, and I deny it, she is so far from swearing fast, that she does not (rude as her Character is) swear at all, unless the poor interjection I cod—— by his Authority can be made an Oath; and then if you'll peruse him on, here

is a whole page and half upon this hint, That the Ladies must have left their Wits and Modesties behind them that came, and lik'd her Words or Actions; and that her Nastiness, and dirty Conversation, is a Midnight Cart, or a Dunghil, instead of an Ornamental Scene. Now you don't find out our Gentlemans malicious meaning by this, but I shall inform ye. He says, I m sorry the Ladies brought their Wits and Modesties with them, that came to see this Character; and yet all the whole Town can witness, that as many of the Ladies as could get into the Play-House came thither, to wait upon Her late *Majesty of Sacred Memory*, who did me that honour only for my benefit; and who was of so nice a Temper, relating to Modesty, that if so much as a hint had been given her by those had seen it before, of such a thing as Immodesty, she had never came, much less had been diverted, as she was, when she did come; but this I take as striking at *her* through my sides; and I think, to use his own words, *is above the Correction of the Pen.* The next is such senseless malice, or ignorance, that it deserves a hoot; he finds *Manuel* in *Don Quixot* (playing in his Farce for the Dukes diversion) addressing to the Dutchess in this manner, in a Jargon of Phrase made ridiculous on purpose: *Illustrious beauty, I must desire to know whether the most purisiderous* Don Quixot *of the* Manchissima, *and the Squireiserous* Pancha, *be in this Company or no.* To whom *Sancho* replies, imitating, as he thinks this fine stile, *Why lookee, forsooth, without any more flourishes, the Governor* Pancha *is here, and* Don Quixotissimo *too, therefore, most Afflicted issimous Matronissima, speak what you Willissimus, for we are all ready to be your Servitorissimus.* And this now he inserts as my own Invention and manner of Stile, which is taken *verbatim* from the History of *Don Quixot*, and is by all those that can judge of humour, very pleasant and fit for that purpose. Now if he has never read that History, his ignorance has abus'd me; and if he has, his impudence has, of which 'tis perceiv'd he has Stock enough, for presently he worries me for saying, in my Epistle Dedicatory to the Dutchess of *Ormond*, That *I date my good fortune from her prosperous influence*, and says 'tis *Astrological.* I don't know whether it has that sort of Learning in t or no, but 'tis as good sense as when he says, like a Wag as he is, that the Ladies fancy is just *slip-stocking high, and she seems to want sense more than her Break-fast.* Fancy slip-stocking high? no, no, the merry Grig must mean her pretty Leg was seen so high, for the Master of Art, I beg pardon of the rest that their Title is scandaliz'd, could never mean such Nonsence as t'other sure.

Collier, p. 204.

Vid. Shelton's *Translation of* Don Quixot, p. 205.

Collier, p. 206.

Collier, p. 207.

Collier, p. 52.

And now drawing near to an end, his malice grows more plainly to a head, by endeavouring to lessen my Credit with my Patron Mr. *Montague*, whose generous Candor and good Nature to me, and indeed to us all, he perhaps has heard of, for here our modest and moral Critick, has either mistaken the words, or found out a slip of the Press, which because it happens to be Nonsence, he has very gladly exposed for mine; 'tis in my Epistle to my aforesaid Patron, thus: *Had your Eyes shot the haughty Austerity upon me of a right Courtier, your valued minutes had never been disturbed with dilatory Trifles of this nature; but my heart, on dull Consideration of your Merit, had supinely wish'd you Prosperity at a distance.* Mine in my Copy was written [*due Consideration*] but Doctor Crambo will have you believe, I consider'd so little to write the t'other; but

Collier, p. 207.

now

now I will hold twenty Stubble Geese to the same number of Tithe Pigs, whenever he is preferr'd to be a Curate again, that I make my Patron smile more at my Entertainment of him at his own Cost, than ever he did at his quoting my *dull Consideration*, which no body but the *dull Absolver* could imagine a Man with any Brains could write. And to prove I have yet a few, I will try to Paraphrase upon his Farewel to me, the Translation in Verse, but the Reader shall have his first.

*I like an Author that Reforms the Age,* Collier,
*And keeps the right Decorum of the Stage;*
*That always pleases by Just Reason's Rule;*
*But for a tedious Droll, a quibbling Fool,*
*Who with low nauseous Bawdry fills his Plays,*
*Let him be gone, and on two Tressels raise*
*Some* Smithfield *Stage, where he may act his Pranks,*
*And make* Jack Puddings *speak to Mountebanks.*

Your humble Servant good Doctor.—— Well, now for me.

I like a Parson, that no Souls does Lurch,
And keeps the true Decorum of the Church;
That always preaches by Just Reason's Rule;
But for a Hypocrite, a Canting Fool,
Who, cramm'd with Malice, takes the Rebels side,
*And would, for Conscience, palm on us his Pride,*
Let him, for Stipend, to the * *Gubbins* sail,
And there Hold-forth for Crusts and Juggs of Ale.

* *A Savage kind of People in the West of* England.

And so much by way of Prose, I shall only now give the Reformer a little further Advice, in return of his, in my Lyrical way, which is in a Fable of *A Dog and an Otter*; and to turn his own words upon him, the Citation may possibly be of some service to him, for if not concern'd in the Application, he may at least be precaution'd by the Moral. I find he knows I can sing to other Peoples sense, I'll try now if I can make him sing to mine: And when he Diverts, or is Diverted with *Vox*, then, *Preterea nihil.*

# THE DOG and the OTTER: A FABLE.

The Argument.

*The Otter*, Tray *does friendly greet,*
*And would perſwade him home;*
*Who proves a Pybald Hypocrite*
*To* Luther, *and to* Rome.

ON the freſh verdure of a pleaſant Vale,
A well-ſtock'd Park, ſurrounded with a Pale,
A Cryſtal River gently gliding by,
To feaſt the Appetite and pleaſe the Eye,
A Manſion ſtood; the * Patron of it one,
Whoſe Wealth and Wiſdom eminent were known;
Honours right Principles from the Breaſt he drew,
Juſt to Juſt Kings, and to his Country true:
Concern'd in a State Change, and thought it fit
To Law, and to new Regal Pow'r ſubmit.
Amongſt his chief delights, the pleaſing care,
To make wild creatures tame, did moſt appear;
Tygers and Wolves he from his hands would feed,
And fierceſt Pards and Panthers gently breed:
Nay, teach 'em too by wondrous influence,
The Grace of Reaſon to their Gift of Sence;
Make learned Bards, and fit for State Affairs,
Of purring Cats, ſly Foxes, and dull Bears;
And make a Parrot, Starling and Jackdaw,
Prate Ethicks, and put Caſes in the Law.
Mongſt all that on his bounty did depend,
The *Otter* was beſt Favorite and Friend,
His Learning being greater than the reſt,
A wiſe Philoſopher as well as Prieſt,
Till lately tainted with a vanity,
Which oft attends the Gown-mans quality,
Opinion poſitive, and ſtubborn Will,
By which Men ſcarce diſtinguiſh good from ill,
His ſence perverting on Ambitions ſcore,
Malice remain'd, but Wiſdom was no more.
This made him, when the Revolution was,
And all took Oaths anew, deny the caſe,
The Abdication, and the granted Right
Of the new Monarch; and with ſettled ſpight,
Deſert his Livelihood, his Patron ſlight,
Then wildly roam abroad a Malecontent,
Railing as mad againſt the Government.
When *Tray*, a Setting-dog of famous Note,
Reſpecting both his Qualities and Coat,

* *Govern-ment.*

As

As one beſides that had his inſide known,
VVhen former ſecrets they exchang'd alone,
VVhen Friends and fellow Servants at one Board,
They us'd to taſte the bounties of their Lord,
Reſolv'd to find out his Abode, and then
Friendly perſwade him to return agen,
Which to perform he beats the River-ſide,
Where th' *Otter* did in Solitude abide,
O'regrown with Spleen each bright revolving day,
Till Night came on, that he might hunt for prey,
Cloſe in a hole, at an old Willows root,
Which o're the ſtream did ſtraggling branches ſhoot,
He found him lying with his Noſe on ground,
And thus his ſentiments began t'expound.

*Tray.* Why was it given ye to underſtand,
Equal with any *Otter* in the Land,
To let ye thus that Underſtanding ſpoil,
By fooliſh pride, and obſtinacy vile?
Reaſon I'm ſure you cannot forfeit ſo,
Nor are what really you ſeem in ſhew.
You know I am familiar with your heart,
Know well your frailty and your juſt deſert,
Have noted by ſome humours paſt and gone,
What is for Conſcience, what for Intereſt done,
And therefore would not have ye for a pique,
Of ſuch ſlight cauſe, commit this hideous freak,
To leave our Houſe, but friendly Counſel hear,
Confeſs your fault, go home agen and *ſwear.*

*Otter.* He muſt have much more skill than thou art taught,
Can make one of my Kidney own a fault,
For whilſt my Sophiſtry can ſtand my friend,
Such Arguments come ſeldom to an end.
I thank thee for thy kindneſs, honeſt *Tray*,
But am reſolv'd, whatever thou canſt ſay;
Thou know'ſt I know how far thy gifts extend,
What Providence has given, and to what end;
I know thy Wit can tel how far behind,
To ſet the Covey, and which way the Wind,
Lick Patron, do as he would have thee do,
And if the Times turn, change to Turk or Jew:
And without further reach, when this is done,
*Then ſtill to gnaw the ſelf ſame Marrow-bone.*
But there is difference 'twixt thy Parts and mine,
As ought twixt Temporal, and things Divine,
Thy ſtint of Merit eaſily is ſeen,
Mine now begins to be, but has not been,
Nor was I then (whate'r thou think'ſt) unwiſe,
When ſubtly I forſook my Benefice:
Had that been kept I could not be ſevere,
Nor let the ſtrength of my ſhrewd Parts appear,
Sullenneſs gains reſpect, and often fear:
If meek, I ſhould be always what I was,
But as I'm ſullen I ſtand fair for Place,

It

It makes the world reflect on my deserts;
Consider, and take notice of my parts;
Especially when dubious I appear;
In mysteries I would not have men cleer.
*Tray.* Nay, you have always been a dubious Creature;
Your faith too as amphibious as your nature;
For as you are both Flesh and Fish by kind,
Of such odd sort of mixture is your mind:
To please your Appetite can lave the Flood,
Or for some dainty Morsel hunt the Wood.
And as by Nature taught, you can devour
Fat Trouts in Rivers, or young Lambs on Shore.
So can your Soul's warm faculty digest,
Each kind of Tenet from each kind of Priest.
Tope down draught *Orthodox* like other Bub,
Then warm the stomach with a strong——*Transub.*
Argue the Cause on either side with ease,
As matters vex ye, or as matters please.
But in what miserable case is he,
That thus depends on your Divinity:
For if, as I believe, your only rule
Is meer Hypocrisy your Flock to fool,
To preach up each each Religion in each kind,
When neither has the power yourself to bind;
As by your Writings is explain'd to many,
First you're for one, then t'other, than scarce any;
How wretched will your Proselytes appear,
Who are to find their Heaven, but know not where,
And tho my gifts cannot of yours take place,
I hope I still may equal ye in Grace.
I act Obedience to the King and Laws,
Led by the Wise, own Justice in the Cause.
Obey the Apostle and the Higher Power,
Not shuffle off on th conscientious Score.
When what I would insinuate for *Zeal*,
Is only the effect of stubborn Will,
As yours is now, else why this juggling Arts?
*Ottor.* Fool, han't I said before ---to shew my parts.
I'll make the Government distinguish me,
*Tray.* 'Twill rather punish your Hyprocrisy.
*Ottor.* Sot, what thou call'st Hypocrisy is Wit,
*Tray.* Not half so much, as when men draw the Net,
To snare the heedless Partridges I set;
Learn'd in the craft I was design'd by fate,
I wisely act, but you prevarricate,
And simply led by blind opinion try,
To vend for pious Grace rank Fallacy.
*Ottor.* Hast thou observ'd my life, and can'st thou say,
My Duty I've neglected any way.
Are not my Actions regularly known,
And my Devotions seen thro all the Town.
*Tray.* Ay, that's the deepest mischief in your Gown.

*A vicious Prieſt that holy form does take,*
*Is the moſt powerful Villain Hell can make.*
For there's the garb of Sanctity to hide
All Malice, Lewdneſs, Avarice or Pride.
He has too, when there are invectives made,
Wit to confute, and Learning to evade.
The ignorant Laity have no ſuch power,
They're but Jackalls, 'tis the ill Prieſts devour.
But as I've ſhewn a bad,——I'll now deſcribe,
Dull as I am,——a good one of your Tribe:
Wiſe, juſt, and humble, he that Souls would win,
With modeſt reaſon muſt diſcourage ſin;
Gentle and mild, his pious Cauſe muſt plead,
Inform the Brain, and yet not break the Head
With temper his reproofs muſt be endu'd,
Boys may be ſnubb'd, but Men will think it rude,
And ne're by rough Admoniſhment turn good,
Of Life exemplary, of heart ſincere,
Who next his Soul, holds King and Country dear.
Who power and riches reckons trivial things,
Who to the poor his own white Manchet brings;
Who deals in no hypocriſy nor pride,
That's a good Prieſt——if you are ſuch I've ly.
What Precepts have you taught this impious Age?
*Ott.* Why, I have writ a Book againſt the Stage,
Been tickled with their Smutt theſe ſeven long years,
And now have publiſh'd it with ſighs and tears.
Another too, where he that makes inſpection,
May find in one place againſt pride objection,
Another, where 'tis made a chief perfection.
Both Books ſo fine, as will, for all your railing,
Soon do my work, for I have friends prevailing.
*Tray.* And then you'll ſwear.
*Ott.* Sir, I can jeſts endure.
*Tray.* I know you will;
*Ott.* Well, firſt let me be ſure,
In the mean time 'tis fit I look demure.
Whatever vices ſecretly I wear,
I'll be a Saint in ſhew, none ſhall appear.
*Tray.* How's that? you ſay you'll be a Saint in ſhew,
And yet am told, were yeſterday a Beau.
Wore Coat o'th' modiſh Cut from *Doyley* piece,
And Peruke long, to grace Canonick Phiz.
How can that parallel with Robe Divine?
*Ott.* I'll make it do't, to further my deſign.
My Book already has alarm'd the Town,
I've paſſ'd their taſte, and any thing will down.
The publick Vogue is gain'd——I've mov'd the ſtone,
And now you'll find it of itſelf roll on.
Well painted trifles do their ſenſe deceive,
And what they like they eaſily believe.

*Tray.*

*Tray.* But can your Fallacy on ſuch impoſe,
That have our Doctrine of Allegiance choſe.
Can they be blind to your bifronted look,
Not ſee your Craft, becauſe they like your Book.
It cannot be--- your-- Actions and your Print,
Too plainly ſhew that on both ſides you ſquint.
Keep both in hand, till offers come ſo fair,
You may ſay Conſcience did miſtake---and ſwear:
This, ſuch diſcerning Eyes muſt ſee a little.
*Ott.* Some do, but ſome are blind ſtill as a Beetle;
I have had thanks for ſhewing the Stage Vices,
Spite of *Abſolving*, and ſuch bold Caprices.
I'm a ſtrict, tough Non-juror in opinion,
That wiſh *Le Roy* were routed of Dominion.
The Government ſubverted, Pulpit too,
Unleſs my Model ——could ſet up the true.
And yet I've wheedled, ſome by gloſſy parts,
To think of a reward for my deſerts.
This now I dare confeſs, to thee, and more,
Becauſe I know thy Nature, Wit and Power:
How far thy little ſpite can do me wrong,
Which is, alas, no further then thy Tongue.
Know then, your Patron raſhly took the Oaths,
Which he believ'd I'd do for Food and Cloaths.
He us'd me like *a Servant of ſmall Note*,
Affronting thus my Office and my Coat,
For which I left his Houſe, deſpis'd his Glebe,
And like a Spider now will ſpin my Web.
Till one or t'other richly does provide,
For that juſt Merit, which thou call'ſt my pride.
So honeſt well-nos'd *Tray*, let us ſhake hands,
'Twill become thee, to busk o're ſtubble Lands.
For near that Cops, I a large Covey ſaw,
Run home, then make 'em get the Net and draw,
But touch no more Divinity nor Law.
*Tray.* No, faith, Sir, I'll go home, ſtraight o're theſe grounds,
And make 'em bring my Patrons *Otter*-Hounds,
To ſcowr your Worſhip from theſe ſhady bounds.
For ſince 'tis only miſchief you deſign,
And hope to get preferr'd, by cheats Divine.
I'll do my banter'd Countrymen this Grace,
To ſee you worry'd e're that come to paſs.
I'll ſend ye thoſe ſhall make you caſt your Fleece,
As well as late you caſt your Benefice.
Your Duckings and your Divings ſhall not do,
Nor your cloſe holes ſecure when they purſue.
*Your own Deſertion then ſhall be diſcuſt*,
Whilſt all that are to King and Country juſt,
Shall hallow to the ſport, and leave each home,
To view the Male-contented Ottors doom.
*Ott.* Fool, rather than he ſnapp'd, I'll take a tree.
*Tra.* And faith, as you've deſerv'd. one fit may be
Whoſe Branches grow not from one ſtock but three

# The Campaigners.

## Act I. Scene I. *An Eating-House.*

*Enter* Van Scopen *and* Maſcarillo, *the firſt dreſt in Blue, Lac'd with Gold Galloon, the other Genteely in Black.*

*Maſc.* DEar Brother in Iniquity, here's to thee. *(Drinks.* And once more welcome from *Paris* — Well, and how doſt like my Country, hah——I ſee by thy Roſie Gills and theſe Collops here——matters have gone very well with thy Belly——the Embaſſador won't ſpare the Kings Purſe, he will have good meat and drink, I'll ſay that for him.

*Van Sc.* Yes faith, the meat and drink was nouriſhing enough in itſelf, 'tis true, if it were not always condemn'd to be ſpoyl'd by the damnable Cooks and Butlers. But your true French-man will ſit playing with his Plate, talk out the whole time of dinner, and faſt at your Table, if he has not his own favourite Kickſhaw, and the Meat is not dreſt his way.

*Maſc.* And when a Diſh does come up our way, 'tis metamorphos'd ſo, you can't know it I warrant, hah.

*Van Sc.* Know it; no nor taſte it neither, when I have expected to have been Regal'd with a good ſlice from a thing that look'd like a Rump of Beef, I have found my mouth full of Eggs and Herbs, Suet and Onions, Hogo'd with Garlick, and burnt with Pepper — oh wou'd the Cook were hang'd, then thought I; when ſtrait to quench my Choler, and make amends, I call for a Brimmer, and then they give me a Glaſs of Water, juſt coloured with three or four ſpoonfuls of Claret, a little of which is no ſooner down, but up comes a curſe after it, a pox take the Dog the Butler.

*Maſc.* To give a right Dutch-man Water with his Wine is an abſurdity, that faith Brother I muſt needs ſay deſerves a Curſe; our Blockheads ought to conſider the conſtitution of your Coun-

try, and remember they always live up to the mouth in water, where, like Ducks, they no ſooner come out of their houſes, but they may, if they pleaſe, ſwim to any place of buſineſs; and when the affair is ended, if they are thrifty, and would ſave Shooe-leather, they may Dive home again.

*Van Sc.* Why, how now Scoundrel, what, at your quirks and jeers, hah? Well, as much Water as we have, we make it turn to better account, that you do all that barren land of yours in *Gaſcoigne*, and *Picardy*; how goes the beſt Wheat a buſhel, hah? but that I think few of you poor Raſcals know; you forget your Brown-Georges, ye Rogue, ye do.

*Maſc.* No, not now in time of Peace, when we can get ſome of your Dutch Butter to 'em, Sirrah — but hang ye, leſt my Satyrical Wit ſhou'd provoke a Combat of Snick or Snee, here's the Embaſſador's health — I begin thy Maſters firſt, becauſe you ſhall follow with my Monſieurs in its turn. Come, tope away. *Drinks.*

*Van. Sc.* Ay, with all my heart, tho gad, methinks I'm ſo fine, it goes againſt the grain to call any one Maſter now. Prithee how doſt like me: here's a dreſs, here's a ſhape, [*Struts about*] here's an Air of Quality; my Maſter ordered me to put on my old Livery when I came away, but gad I lookt methought ſo like an Officer, that I could not obey him. Wharum Deevil ne Ick bin vne Embaſſador too, why an't I an Embaſſador too — As I was walking in the *Paris Tuilleries* t'other day, ah how ſweetly the ſound came to my ears of the poor Rogues crying, bleſs the noble Captain, make way there for the Collonel, for by my garb, all thought me one of theſe at leaſt.

*Maſc.* Eſpecially when ſeparated from the Ambaſſadors Retinue.

*Van. Sc.* And that I took care to be as often as poſſible, to follow the intrigue I had with a rich Merchant's Daughter there. You may ſee by this the value of good Cloaths, Brother. This Coat of mine got me into the Company of the prettieſt Rogue, and ſo into her Fathers houſe, from thence into her Chamber; and had not the plaguy Ambaſſador diſpatch'd me away inſtantly with Letters to his Siſter here, I had got into her Bed, the night following e'gad, under the Title of Min Heer *Flounder Belchman, Bounce Dender Van Scopen*, Collonel of Horſe, and one of the intimates of the Ambaſſador.

*Maſc.* Odſo, 'twas a great diſappointment to your Excellency I confeſs, Sir, and for my part, tho I don't glitter ſo much as you do, yet the Marquis my Maſter being in mourning for his Mother, gives me as genteel a garb, as I think any man of Quality need

need have, which I induſtriouſly ſtrive to improve you may be ſure.

*Van Sc.* How, pray, an't like your Honour?

*Maſc.* By intriguing with the Waſher-woman without doors to wear his Shirts, and within doors to filch his Cravats, and transform the reſt of his Linnen.

*Van Sc.* Very well, noble Sir, my ſervice to ye agen, [*Drinks.*] Why troth, a man may ſee the happy turn of times, and th' advantage the Peace brings with it, in your honours alrer'd air and behaviour —— Why who the Devil would take us now for two Footmen. (*Both ſtrutting about.*

*Maſc.* He muſt be duller than any thing belonging to the Devil, that does it, Brother, I'm ſure of that. But come, we us'd to be open hearted, and tell one anothers employments. Prithee what can be thy haſty expedition hither from the Ambaſſador, what he's jealous of his Siſters Marrying in his abſence, I'll lay my life?

*Van Sc.* He is ſo, and ſince we were always Brother Sterlings in managing and diſcovering ſecrets to one another, thou ſhalt know all. His Noſe is bor'd, the young Lady has ſurrendred to ſome body. We have in *Braſſels* here, a certain finical ſpruce Fop, a kind of a Flanderkin Beau, who is Preſident of the Council of Trade here. His name is *Bondevelt*, and who, I believe, has enter'd the Cittadel already, for there's certainly a Kid born, and I am to wait to night, upon ſome new Employment of hers, the Louis d'ors will come in freſh, ye Rogue, and *tace* is the word. Come now, what news on your ſide?

*Maſc.* Why you muſt know, I have for ſome months laſt paſt been entruſted by my Maſter, as a Spy over my Lady, he having noted ſome looſe carriages of late in her, and to day an occaſion was offer'd to confirm his ſuſpicion, ſhe ſending me with a Letter to an Engliſh Collonel lately come over, and about an intrigue I'm ſure. What the event will be, I ſhall know hereafter, and then, Brother, we'll find further leiſure to conſult.

*Van Sc.* In the mean time let us conclude, that whilſt men are fatigu'd with too much Employment, and women lye idle with too little, Horns muſt infallibly happen on one ſide, and brawlings and heart-burnings on t'other: And ſo your Excellency's moſt humble. For I think I hear a voice you are acquainted with, 'tis your Friend and Companion the Marquis, and ſome others. [*Call within. Hey!* Maſcarillo.] For my part I hate a mix'd Company, and therefore I'll take the Flask, noble Sir.

*Maſc.* And I the Glaſs, an't like your Honour, and we'll retire into the next Room. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Dorange *and* Kinglove.

*Dor.* What, have we dropt the Maquis?

*King.* Only, whilſt he diſpatches Orders to his Lacquey; drop him, no, he's of too nice a Punctillio for that; to part from his Company without the Decorum and Ceremony proper, would be to him an rudeneſs unpardonable.

*Doran.* I never ſaw him till laſt night with thee, but he ſeems to me a fellow of good ſenſe, and humour, I like him better than any Frenchman I have met with a great while.

*King.* Why, faith, I think he has leſs affectation than moſt of 'em, and tho he talks a little more perhaps than comes to his ſhare, yet 'tis commonly good matter, which makes ſome amends.

*Dor.* And ſo civilly addreſs'd too, that a man is not ſo weary as one us'd to be, with ſome of the reſt of his eternally tattling Countrymen.

*King.* I intend to oyl his Tongue if I can with a good Bottle. Powerful Champaign will diſcover what imperfections he has infallibly, as well as what wit.

*Dor.* Nay, I don't look upon him as a *Solon* neither, for I hear he's marry'd but odly.

*King.* To old *Lafroon*'s Daughter, a ſordid rich Hunks of *Blois*, I have ſeen her, but have no acquaintance.

*Dor.* Is ſhe pretty?

*King.* Yes, faith, and I'm told witty, airy, and muſical, but coquettiſh as a little Devil, a great Baſſett-player, and like the Jew her Father, the moſt inſatiable Lover of Money. And you know, friend, when ever a woman too well loves that, ſhe will ſoon be brought to do another thing that we love, for that.

*Dor.* Ay, that's moſt certain: And yet I could wiſh a pretty Charming Creature that I had a Letter from this morning, had that covetous quality, tho I were a hundred Piſtoles the worſe for't to morrow. Come, *Frank*, thou'rt my friend, and ſhalt give me thy judgment of it, I'll tell thee a pretty adventure.

*King.* Come on, all yours us'd to be pleaſant, eſpecially that of the Merchants Neice you enjoy'd at *London*, and in ſearch of whom you now come hither Collonel, but pray take care, d'ee hear, the Plot of it be'nt too knotty, for if you are for Riddling you may ſearch an *OEdipus* for me, faith.

*Dor.* Oh, this is plain enough for the Meridian of thy underſtanding I warrant it; know then *Frank*, that ſtanding this morning at the Shop door of a certain Goldſmith, where I ſometimes have exchange of Money for my Expences, as I was putting up a hundred Piſtoles into my Purſe, which I had receiv'd there, juſt over againſt me ſtopp'd a Coach in mourning, with 2

Lac

Lacqueys behind it, in which was a Lady of a moſt incomparable Beauty and Feature, ſhe ſtood talking to a Shop-keeper about ſome of her affairs, and at the ſame inſtant, tho ſhe turned away her Face, yet ſo pretty a hand lay upon the Glaſs on the other ſide, that it diſcovered the moſt delicate ſample of the whiteſt Skin that ever cas'd a Beauty of Fifteen.

*King* Rhime i'gad, and Rapture, — very well, Collonel, go on.

*Dor.* Charm'd with the ſight, and in an extaſy, I could not ceaſe from crying out aloud, and in a Tone ſhe miget be ſure to hear me. I'd give theſe hundred Piſtoles in my hand to enjoy her but one night.

*King.* A hundred Piſtoles —— enough for a hundred Princeſſes i'gad —well well, when's the Aſſignation, where's to be the Bower of Bliſs? there was a Coronet behind the Coach, I know Collonel it muſt be quality at leaſt, a hundred Piſtoles —— ſhe took ye at your word I'm ſure.

*Dor.* Quite contrary for that time faith, for preſently away rowl'd the Coach, and my poor panting heart trundled after it as faſt, till diſtance kept my Eyes from guiding it farther. Ah *Frank*, 'tis a pain to me even to tell thee what pangs of diſquiet I felt for two long hours after: but then, as if the God of Love had ſeen and pittied the poſture I was in, of down-caſt Eyes and Arms acroſs —— walking alone on the Parrade, I ſaw on the ſudden ſtanding juſt before me, and offering this Letter, one of the Footmen of my ador'd Goddeſs.

*King.* So, then I hope you had juſtice done, however —— And dear Collonel, I beg thy pardon for leſſning the Merit of thy office. What a plague did I talk of Quality for, when I might know, like a ſot as I was, a hundred Piſtoles is a price fit for none but a Goddeſs. *Jove* himſelf, who was the firſt Whore-maſter we read of, that ever gave money, for all his ſhower of Gold ſo talk'd of, gave his Miſtreſs *Danaæ* not a farthing more.

*Dor.* Well, prithee hear the Letter, which is penn'd ſo cunningly, between threatning and encouragement, that gad I think I want an *OEdipus* indeed to ſalve it. Prithee obſerve.

LETTER.

Sir, *Be aſſur'd, that I think my ſelf very much affronted at the words I heard you ſpeak this morning. How dare you inſolently ſet price upon a perſon of my Rank: Render your ſelf to the juſtice of my Reſentments therefore, and come to morrow night at nine, to the Houſe with the little Gate, next to the Chequer'd Poſts in the High Street, to anſwer your accuſation, or expect all that can be fear'd from a Woman wrong'd and Angry.*

Hah

Hah—What thinkſt thou, is ſhe in earneſt or in jeſt?

*King.* In earneſt by Heaven, Collonel, but 'tis the right way; the hundred Piſtoles have made a breach in her heart, wider than a Cannon Ball at a hundred yards diſtance would in a plank of three inches.

*Dor.* Hugh——I think ſhe means fairly, and won't take the Money ſure; for all her jeſting—However, gad I'm reſolv'd to venture, but not without being well arm'd tho. I'll carry a pair of pocket Friends with me, and a good Sword, and then Love be my guide, I defy treachery.

*King.* Here comes Monſieur, don't truſt his Tongue however with the ſecret, for all your good opinion of him. Oh—

*Enter* Bertran.

Monſieur *Marqui*, the warmth, the ſoul of good Company, ye are welcome, you have been too long from us, we freeze without ye.

*Dor.* The Campaign, tho never ſo good, would ſeem pall'd to us, Sir, unleſs your pleaſant converſation gives it a relliſh.

*Bert.* Sir, I am your moſt ver humble ſerviture. [*Compliments* Dor.] And yours MonCher Monſieur. (*To* Kinglove) Mafoy you alway do me too much d honour wid your Gentileſſe, your grand grand Courteſy, I am oblig'd to your generoſity Eternetement, ver much for your good ward and civility, but much more dat you have bring me into de Company and bon Grace of dis noble Sentleman here. *To* Dorange.

*Dor.* I dare not vie with ye in Compliment or Courtly Expreſſions, Sir, therefore only can ſay, that my heart and inclinations are faithfully at your ſervice.

*King.* Sir, both the Collonel and my ſelf ſet a greater value upon the bleſſings the Peace brings us, having by it been obliged with the knowledge of you. *Embrace.*

*Dor.* Hey Waiter! Fill Glaſſes, and give me a brimmer. Come to the great Monarch of *France*, *Vivat*.

*Bert.* Along Meſſires, I will do ye de reaſon wid all min heart, and tanke you vor your great goodneſs, brave, brave Collonel - Morbleau, Sir, vat wonder have I hear of this Shentleman, how beyond expreſſion Valliant he behav'd himſelf at *Stenikirk*, after viſh the next Campaign in de moſt fameux Battle of *Landen*, he had his Arſe ſhot, beſide have receave two tre wound at the grand Siege of *Namur*. Ah, I have no breath enough to ſpeak.

*Dor.* Oh no more, no more, let me beg ye, Sir.

*King.* Nay, Collonel, the Marquis does ye but juſtice.

*Bert.*

*Bert.* Moſt veritablemen dere vas no oder fame but of de brave Collonel *Orange* and his prodigious Action ma foy Sire. I tell you noting but de grand trute —— Ay, 'twas ver well for us de Peace vas made in de good time, Morbleau, 'tis one miracle dat we have held out ſo long.

*Dor.* Faith not to flatter our ſelves, I muſt think Sir, 'twas a double Miracle that we did as we did.

*King.* Oh 'tis without diſpute, that we had the worſt of it at *Steenkirk* by much, though our Men fought bravely 'tis true.

*Bert.* Like de fiery Draggon, beſides vat you call de worſe, it vas your Compliſance, your grand civility dat give us de betra.

*Dor.* A very pretty Complaiſance truly, but then Sir what think ye of *Landen*, were not we——

*Bert.* Aw, we were beaten dere by dis light —— confoundedly.

*King.* Nay then Monſieur I muſt needs think your courteſy does your Country wrong, did not we retire over the River?

*Bert.* Yes Morbleau to rally ten time more ſtrong de oder ſide.

*Dor.* We loſt our Cannon.

*Bert.* For't negligent to ſhow you could beat us wid only de Sword.

*King.* Come, come, pardon me, indeed we were worſted.

*Bert.* Pardonne moy auſi indeed you veré not

*Dor.* Fye, fye, you know we were a little.

*Bert.* No no, Sir, not one jot.

*King.* We were, we were.

*Bert.* No no, no no.

*Dor.* Oh you forget, you forget.

*Bert.* I remember very well da't we were ver muſh mawle and dat——

*King.* Pray Sir hear me a word or two.

*Bert.* Not on 'dis pray Sir, for 'tis we were beaten, 'tis we were beaten, and derefore I beſeech you Sire.

*Dor.* But Sir give me leave a little, did not we——

*Bert.* *Jernie* you did all de brave ting in de warle Sir, and you are no beaten, nor you ver no beaten, nor you no can be beaten. [*Speaks ſo faſt that he hinders them from anſwering*] Meſſires I beſeech you receave my obligements, as de reall Efforts of mine ſenſible opinion, it muſt be ſo, it muſt be ſo, not van ward more, it ſall be ſo.

*Dor.* Nay, if it muſt and ſhall be ſo, the French Complement ſhall carry it.

*King.* Ay, beſides all things conſidered, he is not ſo much out of the way neither.

*Dor.* Come then, faith, Sir, we'll e'n make a drawn battle on't and own we had knocks on both ſides.

*Bert.*

*Bert.* Wid all mine heart, but to ſpeak of to beat de brave Officer Engliſe, it muſt never be ſay. Come here's one Bumper, a health *Deliciæ Humani generis*, to the Immortal Monarch of *Great Britain*, along *Vivat.*

*Dor.* Come let's ſit down —— would we had ſome Muſick to it.

*King.* And that we will have preſently, for here is a waiter in the Houſe, ſings well, and a new thing fit for the purpoſe, call him up there, ſing the Song of the new Reformation. (*Song here.*

*Dor.* Very well Sir —— de'e hear, ſcore a Dollar into the reckoning.

*Bert.* Two, two, ſcore two ye, merry ſcoundrel, in honour of de grand *Roy de Angletexre.* [*Enter* Scopen *ſtrutting about.*

*Dor.* How now, who have we here?

*King.* Oh I know him 'tis one of the retinue of the Spaniſh Ambaſſador in *France*, ſent back hither I ſuppoſe on ſome affair.

*Dor.* Hum, I ſhould have taken him for my Counterpart, if the Man had been like his dreſs.

*Van Sco* Gentlemen there's Min Heer the Burgo-maſter below, who made his Requeſt to me to tell ye, he would ſpeak with the Marqui *Bertran* —— tholl, loll, loll. [*Sings.*

*Bert.* Oh dat is ver true, he is my Neighbour ſhentlemen, he live next door to me, and I appoint him to meet me here, hark you Sir, (*to* Kinglove) one word wid you, ſall he come up, he has de rare humour vill make you laugh, morbleau une Eſtrange Coquin extream Comick. Hark in your Ear.

*Dor.* Well Sir I ſee you're very fine. [Dorange *and* Scopen *ſtare at each other.*

*Van Sco.* Indifferent Sir, — but I ſuppoſe I am well dreſſed, I'm ſo like ye, tholl, loll, loll, loll. [*Sings and Struts about.*

*Dor.* Ha, ha, ha, ſawcy puppy —— [*apart.*] methinks they might have ordered theſe ſcoundrels tho ſomething elſe for fools to gape at, than the garb of an Officer, I find this fellow thinks himſelf no ſmall fool in't, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Van Sco.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

*King.* Oh I'll ſpeak to him —— de'e hear Collonel the Marqui ſays, the Burgo maſter's a rare humou-iſt, and hates the Company of all Officers, and the Souldiery, he was lately the chief Voter for disbanding the Army, now if we could any way diſguiſe ye he ſhould come up and divert us a little — Waiter, has your Maſter ne're a Cloak, thy Hat will ſerve.

*Waiter.* Yes, Sir, here's one hangs up in the next Room. I'll fetch it.

*Dor.* Quickly and I'll be an Engliſh Merchant of your Acquaintance.

*Bert.*

*Bert.* Dat will be ver Pretty — go Sire feſh him up. [*to* Scopen.

*Van Sco.* Feſh him up, tholl, loll, loll. [Dorange *puts on the Cloak and Hat the waiter brings.*

*Bert.* Yes, fetch him up — vat a Diable

*Van Sco.* Tholl, loll, loll, loll. [*Exit looking ſcornfully on em.*

*King.* Monſieur le Marqui you muſt receive him, here he comes.

*Enter Min Heer* Tomas.

*Bert.* Yes, yes, lete me alone I warrant you, aw Monſieur Neighbour dis is ver kind, I am glad to ſee you Sire, and now I beſeech you give me leave to preſent you to des two ver wordy Gentlemen both de Natiff of *England*, dis de Man of quality at de Cour, and dis de fort conſiderable Marchand upon de *Exchange Royal.*

*Min H.* I am ſo little us'd to ſpeak French gibberiſh, and this Kickſhaw ſputters it out ſo faſt, that ſnick me, I can ſcarce underſtand him.(*aſide*)Humh aCourtier andMerchant of*England* de'e ſay, well as long as there neer a Soldierly Locuſt, amongſt 'em I think I may venture to drink a bottle,and ſo without Complement I'll ſet me down. [*Sits down.*

*Bert.* Aw dis be de bon Company aſſure you Sir, and ſo here be Monſieur le Marchands good health. [*Drinks.*

*Min H.* Well Tope away, he may be a good man for ought I know, but doſt hear Monſieur, he muffles himſelf up ſo queerly in his Cloak, that he looks as if he were broke, ſnick me, ha, ha, ha, ha, I can't forbear joking, come Sir here is a Brimmer to you. [*Drinks.*

*King.* With all my heart, and pray now Sir if y'are a little at leiſure, what news to day, you are a great man in buſineſs, you know all.

*Dor.* Ay praylet's hear Sir, what are your Grandees about to day.

*Min H.* Why ſnick me, I have been at it amongſt 'em till I'm hoarſe a voting down the raſcally Soldiery, we have had enongh of an Army in conſcience, now Peace is come, down with 'em therefore I ſay, is't fit that Rogues with long chines and full Calves, ſhould huff and ſtrutt with our Money, in time of Peace, no no, disband 'em, pinch 'em, keep 'em low, and we have 'em under: Cocker 'em, and they'll do the ſame by our Wives, what ſay you Sir, with the Cloak is't not ſo?

*Dor.* Aw Varlets, Poltroons Cuckold making Raſcals, when the Wars are done in my opinion there ſhould be an order, they ſhould be all hanged.

*Min H.* Why well ſaid, I have a rich Neice at home you muſt

know, ha, ha, ha, the Siſter to my Nephew the Ambaſſador, a ſwinging fat laſs I can tell ye, ſhe's worth two Tun of Gold, worſt Penny, and would you believe it, ha, ha, ha, may the next Poll of Ling choak me, if one of thoſe Poltroons, a Redcoat Ragg-Carrier of a Regiment, as lowſie as fowl Linnen could make 'em, had not like to have ſnapp'd her away t'other day, but we found out the Plot and he ſcowr'd, if we could have catch'd the Lobſter we had broyl'd him, ſnick me.

*Dor.* And he deſerv'd it richly, an impudent Raſcal to pretend to dare to aſpire to any fortune, but what the War allows.

*Min H.* Which he may very well Improve if he be a Thrifty Rogue: What, half a Dollar a days pay, ſnick me, 'tis a conſiderable thing.

*Dor.* Aw too much in conſcience faith, Sir, only the Government is ſo wiſe, to let it fall into Arrears now and then; beſides the Rogues have got a trick now of eating Beef too, an utter Enemy to valour.

*Min H.* They have ſo, egregiouſly, egregiouſly, and I have read in ſome Hiſtory or other, the Army of *Hannibal* eat nothing but Potatoes.

*Dor.* With an Egg or two now and then Sir, as they marched by a Barn and found a Henrooſt; an Egg, come come an Egg and a goodHeart's enough in conſcience, if they can't live on that, e'en down with 'em, I'm againſt a ſtanding Army that eats Beef, ſnick and ſnee me.

*Min H.* Gadzooks, this is a plaguy cloſe fellow, why he's harder than I am againſt 'em, I'll warrant him a true Engliſhman by that, come hearts of Gold, begin another Brimmer, come proſperity to Trade; harkee Monſieur, I find this Merchant a notable fellow, prithee to what part of the World does he deal?

*Bert.* Ma foy, Sire, I have not ask him dat queſtion, but ſpeaka ſpeaka your mind, he will tele you preſantlee himſelfe.

*King.* Prepare your ſelf Collonel, here's a queſtion coming will try your invention.

*Dor.* Why e're I'll be balk'd, I'll anſwer him in Greek and confound at once, his Dutch underſtanding.

*Min H.* You are a great dealer, I ſuppoſe, Sir. Pray, if I may be ſo bold, in what part of the world is your Factory, in what Commodity do you deal?

*Dor.* Oh, in ſeveral, ſeveral, Sir, I have dealt in all ſorts and ſizes.

*Min. H.* Indico, Cutchinéle, Logwood, or Pepper, pray Sir?

*Dor.* Rot his Pepper, how the Devil ſhall I banter him. (*Aſide.* Sir, I'm a ſtranger here, and ſomewhat aſham'd to declare my deal-

dealings to one ſo eminent, till I know you better, till when--pray, Sir, give me leave in my turn to ask you what you Merchandize in?

*Min H.* In Herrings, Sir.

*Dor.* Herrings, Sir, and does the profit ariſing, allow you Salt and Bread to 'em?

*Min H.* Ha, ha, ha, That was the ſimpleſt queſtion from a Trading Headpiece, that ever I heard in my life, ſnick me, ſure this is not a fool of a Merchant after all. Come, Sir, pray now your way of dealing?

*Dor.* Why, Sir, I deal in Sprats.

*Min H.* Sprats, Sir?

*Dor.* Yes, Sir, Sprats, but not ſuch as your's are here. I'd have you know, mine are a ſort of rare Oleaginous Sprats, Sprats that will melt in your mouth like an Anchovy, I have 'em out of the *South Sea*, and the River of *Amazons*, and from *Peru*, *Coquimbo*, *Capiago*, and *Salta*. I have alſo the pleaſure to have the Factory only to my ſelf, for few Merchants elſe have any.

*Min H.* Faith, Sir, and you have the pleaſure to eat 'em all your ſelf too, for never were my guts ſtuff'd with any of 'em, what ſay you Gentlemen?

*King.* Ah, I've regal'd with 'em a thouſand times, we eat 'em with Sugar and Pepper like a Mellon.

*Bert.* Aw dey have de flaveur delliceuz ſde grand Monarch of *Peru*, drink 'em alive in Plantain Wine like de Loſh.

*Min H.* Sptats of *Peru*, I never heard of 'em before, ſnick me.

*King.* Aw, they turn to another ſort of account than your Herrings, Sir, let me tell you that.

*Dor.* Another word of a Herring, would make him as Choleric as a Cook half roaſted.

*King.* Ay, and as ſnappiſh as a Dog in a Coach-box, as our old friend *Fitty* us'd to ſay. (*Enter Servant and whiſpers* Min H.

*Min H.* How, my Wife in a rage, ſayſt thou, and would ſpeak with me?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir, there's ſomething happen'd concerning your Niece, Madam *Angellica*, that makes her roar like a Tempeſt: for Heaven's ſake make haſte home, Sir, to appeaſe her, or we all ſplit.

*Min H.* Well, well, I come. Waiter, bring to pay.

*King.* I find that fellow has call'd away the Burgo-maſter. What are you going already, Sir?

*Min H.* Something very notable has happen'd at home, Gentlemen.

*Dor.* Since our diverſion then is at an end, I muſt beg leave to ſay, I have a little buſineſs too.

*Bert.* Dear Sir, wat pleaſe you alway make me happy, do de loſs of your Company make me miſerable.

*Min H.* Well, friend, what is't?

*Wait.* Two pound, four Shillings, and four Stivers.

*Min H.* How, two pound ye Rogue, 'tis impoſſible. It may be you reckon ten Shillings a Flask, but we are no Fools, Sirrah, we underſtand buſineſs; and there s an honeſt Fellow at the ſign of the *Holland Cheeſe* and *Pickled Herring*, that ſells as good for five, ye Rogue, ſo that the Club comes to——let me ſee——juſt to five skellings, a half, and one Stiver a man, and a kick in the guts, Sirrah, for impoſing on us.

*Bert.* Oh damn the five skelling, de half, and de one Stiver, dere Sirrah, dere is your whole reckoning, and de reſt for your ſelf. *Waiter bows to* Bert.

*Dor.* Oh Monſieur, what do you mean?

*King.* Faith, Sir, it muſt not be——

*Bert.* If you love me Gentlemen, not one word more, I vill Court you to take de ſame alway,——Allon, allon, Mon Cher. Meſſires de ting is no wort dis Morbleau. (*Snaps his Fingers.*

*Min H.* Amongſt French Prodigals, but I have found
One Stiver ſav'd thus every day, in one year makes one pound.

*Exeunt.*

*End of the Firſt Act.*

## Act II. Scene I. *A Chamber, or Houſe.*

*Enter* Angelica *and* Guſſet.

*Ang.* OH Heaven! ſhe has made me quite deaf, my Ears won't be able to perform their office for this week, I'm ſure.

*Guſ.* Her noiſe is ſhriller than if a whole Stye of Hogs were ſticking; and you may hear her further than a dozen of Powder Mills in a ſtill evening: but what was all this ſtorm for, Madam, only the Preſidents being here to night?

*Ang.* For nothing elſe, ſhe having my Brothers private order to admit no Suiter to me; and in hopes her naſty Cubs, if ever ſhe has any, ſhall inherit my Eſtate, which was intail'd on me, for life, and after upon the firſt born of either of us, by my dead Unkles Will.

*Guſ.*

*Guſ.* And now ſhe has found out it ſeems her Husbands furtherance of the Preſidents Courtſhip to ye?

*Ang.* I ſuppoſe ſo, tho neither of 'em imagin the true reaſon of my conſent to his admittance, which is, thou knoweſt only to blind the world, and cover the misfortune that happen'd to me, if the Child I lately had ſhould be diſcovered, I know my Eſtate will make the tame Preſident father what he never got, when ever there is occaſion. Have you pack'd up all its things that were left here into a bundle, ready to be carried to the Nurſe.

*Guſ.* Yes; and for fear your Aunt ſhould, by prying about, find 'em out, I have hid 'em in a hole under the Garret-ſtairs, ready when the Footman comes, who is ordered at ten to night, to be thrown to him out of the Balcony.

*Ang.* That's well, and ſo then we can ſlip out eaſily after him unſuſpected, for I'm reſolved to go to night, I have not ſeen the dear, dear Creature, this three long days and nights. Hark, what noiſe is that, there's ſome body coming 'dſlife 'tis my Unkle, away, away.

*Guſ.* And by the clapping of her Cloſet door, your Aunt has ſeen him come in and is following, here will be a foul houſe preſently. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Min Heer* Tomas.

*Min H.* This perpetual Nuſance, my Wife, I find has diſcovered my furtherance of the Preſidents love to my Niece, whoſe Heirs, if a Match ſhould ſucceed, would fruſtrate the hopes of her Eſtate's deſcending to mine begotten on her body. Now my reaſon not to flatter my ſelf is, becauſe in troth I find I'm not ſo capable as her inclinations would prompt, and therefore reſolve to be for the eaſieſt way of profit. Here on one ſide the Preſident is obliged by Bond, to give me three thouſand pounds for my aſſiſtance, and this I keep her ignorant of. On t'other ſide ſhe's for having an Heir, forſooth, and hooking it in that way; nay, is ſo ravenouſly greedy of it, that ſhe plagues me almoſt to death. *Tomas*, ſhe crys every night, remember the Eſtate *Tomas*, think on two thouſand pound a year *Tomas*, tho ſhe be ſo fat, and ſo incapable of Childing, that an *Iriſh man* may as ſoon get a Bandling out of a Bog; and all the Doctors in Town have declar'd nothing can ſwell her bigger than ſhe is, but a Tympany. *Ecce ſignum*, here ſhe comes. *Enter* Anniky.

*Ann.* So, are you come, Sir *Aſſinego*? you uſe me very well, don't ye? you are a kind Husband.

*Min H.* As far as there's reaſon, *Anky*; I have heard too much kindneſs once kill'd a Good Wife, and therefore I think I'm civil thou haſt no more on't, ſnick me.

*Ann.*

*Atn.* To contrive at anothers marrying my Niece, and ſo to get heirs to inherit her Eſtate, when 'twas deſign'd for the fruit of my own proper body; 'tis a baſeneſs like thee; baſeneſs, 'tis frigidity, I'll be ſworn, meer frigidity, as the Scholards have it; but, if I live a month longer, I'll have one to connive with me too, I will as I'm a *Calviniſt*.

*Min H.* Why Lookee *Anky*, as thou knowſt, we have all from the Government, Toleration of conſcience for our Souls, ſo will I give thee toleration of conſcience for thy Body: Ply, Ply abroad *Anky*, with all my Heart, do faith, thy Fat with another Mans Lean, perhaps may make a tolerable diſh, but thou and I have a Relliſh ſo common to one another, that I deſpair of ever making a good Meal, for my part, gadsbores I fancy we lye always like two Udders in a Diſh without e're a Tongue.

*Ann.* Queazy Fellows that have no Appetites, can't Reliſh the fineſt Haunch of Venizon, when a ſtrong healthy Stomach would feed heartily and be glad of it.

*Min H.* Ay, but if he were to feed upon't ten or twenty years together, as 'tis the caſe of us miſerable Husbands, he wouldbe glad to change it for the Hanch of a Horſe, ſnick me.

*Ann.* Miſerable Husbands, miſerable Coxcombs, what wretches would ye be without us, if we ſhould be ſullen and hold out a little, what a cringing and ſighing and whining, would all the proud pert powder'd Puppys make then; but gadſlidikins, would 'twere in my power to diſpoſe of our Sex, I'd plague all the flaſhy Town Fellows faith, I'd teach ye to find fault; this is too fat, or that's too lean, I'd make ye know, that an Angel Woman is your chiefeſt bleſſing as ſhe's a woman, and like a piece of Gold is of true value, whatever coyn ſhe is of, or whatever impreſſion ſhe bears.

*Min H.* Say ye ſo *Anniky*, what think ye of an Angel Woman that has had the Impreſſion of a Baſtard or two upon her, humh?

*Ann.* Why you'll find her for her Wit and Qualities, always too good for the fool that got thoſe Baſtards, ſhe has the better of her Cully ten to one, ſhe made him a right Ninny before ſhe left him I warrant her. But why do I throw away wit upon thee, —— my Conceipts are always out of thy reach, poor Doodle.

*Min H.* Ay that may very well be ſnick me, conſidering that profundity of yours, but harkee now you ſhall hear what you are, you are, *Anky*, you are a Heteroclite.

*Ann.* A Trockellite what's that, Sot?

*Min H.* Why 'tis *Anniky* to be explained two ways, figuratively or materially, firſt figuratively, 'tis a foul Storm in the ſhape of a

ſcolding

ſcolding Woman, an ill wind that blows no body no good, but roars and bluſters, without ever ceaſing.

*Ann.* Well, when there's nothing aboard but a Ship of fools, however there will be no loſs if any thing be caſt away.

*Min H.* Hump — the Jade's as ſharp as a Razor, but I'll at her agen, ſnick me; why then ſecondly to come to the matter, 'tis a groſs Barren Hen, that is ſo rank fed, ſhe is incapable of breed, and yet ſo greedy on't, that ſhe is eternally Cackling.

*Ann.* Becauſe ſhe rooſts among Cravens that have got the Pip; if Cocks were good, Hens would have Chickens, Clodpate.

*Min H.* Humh — to be plainer, ſince you provoke me, a Heteroclite in the beſt ſenſe is a Noun whoſe way of declenſion is different from all others, I mean an overgrown dowdy Wife, who is juſt like a Dining Room joyned to a great hot Kitchen, when ye expect to have a good Meal in one, the Nauſeouſneſs of t'other turns your Stomach, there is a Heteroclite for ye.

*Ann.* And there's another Trokellite for you. [*Strikes him.*

*Min H.* How now *Bradamant*, how now, is it ſo indeed — dare you ſawcilly attack your Governor, I'll pinnion ye, ye Harpy, preſently.

*Ann.* Seellum Hundsfoot, help, murder, murder. [*he ſeizes her.*

*Min H.* I'll lock ye up over the Stable, faith, heirs, you ſhall have heirs, and the great Gib Cat there ſhall Father 'em, — how now Goody *Stove*, what ſtrike a Burgomaſter, I'll make ye an example faith, you ſhall eat nothing but Horſe Beans this week for't, ſnick me.

*Ann.* Help, help, there, Murder, Murder. [*He pulls her out.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter* Van Scopen.

*Van Sco*, The Clock has not yet ſtruck ten, and I find I am come a little too ſoon for my diſpatch, there is no ſtirring above yet, no light in the Window, nor no appearance in the Balcony, I'll therefore ſtep to the next Tavern to my Brother *Maſcarillo*, and take one Bumper or two, in the mean time, to warm my Stomach, 'tis a cold raw night, and ſuch a Cordial is very neceſſary. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Dorange.

*Dor.* That I may the readier find the place at my hour of appointment to morrow, I have reſolv'd, tho it be dark, to ſtumble this way to night; this is I'm ſure the Street, and I ſuppoſe yonder is the Houſe with the Checquer'd Poſts; but where this little Gate of the Inchanted Caſtle is, that, wanting Madam *Cinthia*'s aid,

is

is now inviſible: Well, I'll content my ſelf with thus much to night, and leave the reſt for my dark Lanthorn to diſcover to morrow. Guſſet *comes into the Balcony.*

*Guſſ.* Hiſt, hiſt, are you there?

*Dor.* Hah — what's that a womans voice?

*Guſſ.* Are ye there, I ask ye?

*Dor.* Ay, ay.

*Guſſ.* Come underneath then and catch, and ſtay below till we come down. *Throws down a Bundle and Exit.*

*Dor.* So, I have got it, but what I have catch'd, or who the Devil they take me for, I can't ſo much as gueſs — hum — 'tis a bundle, and if I feel right — Silk and Lac'd — oh — for a rich Purchace of ſhining Pearl, or glittering Diamonds, now which ſome young pretty wanton has pack'd together to run away to her Lover, from ſome damnable croſs old Aunt, or confounded Mother-in-Law, whilſt I, guided by my Propitious Stars, in ſpite of darkneſs am ordained to be the lucky ſupplanter, gad 'tis a pretty kind of an Adventure this, and I hope the coming Lady, will anſwer my vigorous expectation: the door opens — 's now dear Goddeſs Fortune.

*Enter* Angellica *and* Guſſet.

*Guſſ. Van Scopen, Van Scopen,* —— where are ye?

*Dor. Scopen, Scopen,* —— confound it, what a Names that, here, here.

*Ang.* Have ye the bundle?

*Dor.* Yes, yes.

*Ang.* Follow us then and make no noiſe, — ſoftly, ſoftly, [*Ex.*

*Dor.* Gad ſhe's a delicate Creature for ought I know, but the very huſh of her voice has ſuch allurement in't, that I'll follow her, tho into the Dominions of *Preſter John*, but I'll have a ſight of my little Night-walker. [*runs after them.*

*The Scene changes, then all Re-enter.*

*Guſſ.* So now give me the Bundle.

*Dor.* The Bundle, — hum — but harkee, am not I to, to,

*Guſſ.* To, to, —— 'dſlife give it me, what's the fellow mad. [*takes it away.*

*Ang.* Quickly, quickly, and de'e hear do you Seal this Letter and carry it as it's directed preſently, do it carefully be ſure, and there's for your pains. [*gives* Dorange *money.*

*Enter* Fardell *with a light.*

Oh dear Nurſe how doſt thou, well and how does all within?

*Fard.* Oh mighty well Madam, I have juſt now been ſuckling

it

it I aſſure your Ladyſhips my Milk agrees with the Pretty Creature ſtrangely, it thrives mainly Madam.

*Ang.* Oh the dear little Angel, I long to ſee it, there Nurſe I have bought it ſome neceſſaries — give 'em her *Guſſet.* [*Exeunt.*

*Dor.* A Plague take that Jade for ſtanding in my light, I could not ſee her face, but ſhe has a rare ſhape,—— harkee, harkee, Miſtreſs, pray a little of your Light, that I may know how to diſpatch away a Letter here, which is in great haſte. [*to* Fardell.

*Fard.* Ay, with all my heart Sir, and bleſs your good worſhip, this is a great honour to ſee you here, intruly this muſt be the Gentleman [*aſide and Courteſys to* Dorange] *Doll, Doll,* bring up the Childs Barrow and Belly-band, [*Runs as to the ſtairs.* and a clean Biggen for its head, d'ye hear: Huſſy make haſte: Pray Sir before you read your Letter, be pleas'd to honour me with a word or two, for truly I have e'en long'd to ſee ye.

*Dor.* So, here's another comical miſtake going forwards; but who ſhe takes me for I may go read in th' Stars. Your Servant Miſtreſs, I'moblig'd t'ye.

*Fard.* Your Worſhip, I may truly ſay in truly, are Father to the ſweeteſt Babe ——

*Dor.* Humh——humh——

*Fard.* That ever came into the world of its kind, I think in Conſcience. Good lack, that your Worſhip can't ſtay, and give it your fatherly kiſs, and your bleſſing, poor heart.

*Dor.* A fatherly kiſs; very good: Inſtead of a bundle of Jewels, I have got a Child I find; but methinks by the Mothers dreſs it ſhould be no very ill bargain.

*Fard.* Pray, if I may be ſo bold, when will your Worſhip come and have your bellyfull of kiſſes?

*Dor.* Oh, ſhortly, ſhortly — but if this ſhould prove ſome Harridan, ſome Lady of the Game, that wants a Providore for her Bantling, I ſhou'd be finely fobb'd after all. (*aſide.*

*Fard.* I'll warrant the Mother kiſſes it forty times in an hour — Well — in truly 'tis as like your Worſhip as if you had carv'd it with a Chizzel; there your Noſe, and your Eyes, and your Mouth ſo like; good lack, to ſee the wonders of Nature.

*Dor.* Now, to get a piece of me will this plaguey Cloutwaſher lye like a well feed Lawyer, or a young Shop-keeper new ſet up. But the Lady has given me two pieces here, and theſe to carry on the jeſt ſhall ſerve for her. *Aſide.*

*Fard.* And then its Limbs are, as if they were made of Wax, I'll be ſworn. Well, Heaven bleſs your worſhip, you got it with a good will, I dare ſay for ye, for the pretty Creature is moſt notably mark'd, in truly.

*Dor.* That's well, and to improve its good gifts, there's ſomething to encourage your care, Nurſe.

*Fard.* Oh dear, in truly, your Worſhip is too liberal, and I'll indulge my ſelf with Eringo Roots, and Clary and Potatoes, to make my Milk more nouriſhing. Beſides, my particular care of his Body, it ſhan't want for ſtretching nor ſtroking, I aſſure your good honour——*Doll*, why *Doll*, I ſay—— Ay, this a lazy Carrion. *Exit haſtily.*

*Dor.* Hang her, ſhe has half tattled me into a belief 'tis mine indeed, but now for the Letter——That I'm to play the Laquey withal, this will, I doubt not, diſcover the true Parents. Let me ſee, firſt for the Subſcription, To the Preſident *Bondevelt*, near the great Cathedral. Good! this is enough to find out the Father in the firſt place, and and if the Mother have ſubſcribed her name, the diſcovery will be perfect.

Reads. *Sir, The great reſpect my Unkle has for you, ſtrengthened with his Commands, and your Merit, obliges me to ſet Pen to Paper, to let you know, that 'tis not by my means, your acceſs to me is hindered, but by my Aunts Tyranny, who, for her own ſelfiſh reaſons, debars me from having converſe with any body. However, my Unkle and ſhe having fallen out, you may have the better opportunity to ſee me with him this afternoon, if you value ſo much as you have often proteſted*

Angellica Mendezo.

*Mendezo*, and *Angellica*, —— By fate it muſt be ſhe, the pretty Creature I one night enjoy'd by a trick at her Unkles houſe in *London*, who ſince died, and left her his Eſtate, and after whom, ſince the Campaign was ended, and the Peace made, hearing ſhe was come to meet a Brother, I came hither in ſearch — Ay, but if this ſhould prove her Child now, and ſhe ſhould be married ſince. I went to one of that name —— What a damn'd unfortunate Rogue am I, ——but hold, this Letter is only a permiſſion of Courtſhip, that gives me ſome hopes however, and I'll go and find the Lover inſtantly, and in this my miſtaken quality of Laquey.

With ſubtilty his deareſt ſecret ſound,
And like a cunning Mole work under ground. *Exit.*

*Re enter* Fardell.

*Fard.* Good lack, what is the Gentleman gone? I was ſo fearful this ſleepy Quean, ſhould burn the Childs Bed and Blankets, I gave her to air, that I was forced to run away from him abruptly, well he's much a man of honour I proteſt, and I'll collect a dozen or two of the fineſt words I have in my budget, againſt he comes next, that I will intruly.

*Enter*

*Enter* Angellica *and* Guſſet *with the Child.*

*Ang.* Come Nurſe where are ye? here's your little charge expects ye.

*Fard.* Ah Doddy beſſe it pitty face, Doddy beſſe it, Doddy bleſſe it, was its naughty Nurſe gon from it, and make it cry a Bawl for bubbies, did ſhe ſo, did ſhe ſo, aw 'twas a paw Nurſe to leave the ſweet Sylds ſo baſely, ſo ſhe was, and catchee, catchee, catchee, catchee, catchee, catchee, and catchee, catchee, catchee, catchee, catchee, catchee, tum a me, tum a me, leta me do a my Nurſe [*takes it from* Angellica *and ſits down to ſuckle it.*] Mamma ſays he, I want my Bubby Mamma, ſays he, ah Doddy bleſſe dat pitty face of mynSylds, and his pitty, pitty hands, and his pitty, pitty foots, and all his pitty things, and pat a cake, pat a cake Bakers man, ſo I will maſter as I can, and prick it, and prick it, and prick it, and prick it, and prick it, and throw't into the Oven.

*Ang.* Could one believe the Child would ever ſpeak *Engliſh*, that hears her jabbering to't at this rate.

*Guſſ.* Indeed Madam, I have always thought it little leſs than a wonder.

Nurſe ſings.

I

*MY dear Cockadoodle, my Jewel, my Joy,*
*My Darling, my Honey, my pretty ſweet Boy;*
*Before I do rock thee with ſoft lullaby,*
*Give me thy dear Lips to be kiſs, kiſs, kiſs.*

Smacks the Child.

II.

*Thy charming high Forehead, thy Eyes black as Sloes,*
*Thy round dimpled Chin, and thy right* Roman *Noſe,*
*With ſome pretty marks that lye under thy Cloaths,*
*Shew thou'lt be a rare one, to kiſs, kiſs, kiſs.*

III.

*To make thee grow quickly, I'll do what I can,*
*I'll feed thee, I'll ſtroke thee, I'll make thee a man;*
*Ah then how the Laſſes,* Moll, Betty, *and* Nan,
*By thee will run mad to be kiſs, kiſs, kiſs.*

IV.

*And when in due ſeaſon, my* Billy *ſhall Wed,*
*And lead a young Lady from Church to her Bed,*
*Ah, welfare the loſing of her Maidenhead,*
*When* Billy *comes near her to kiſs, kiſs, kiſs.*

V.

*The welfare high Forehead, and Eyes black as Sloes,*
*And welfare the Dimple, and welfare the Noſe,*
*And welfare the marks that lye under thy Cloaths,*
*For none are more hopeful to kiſs, kiſs, kiſs.*

*Fard.* Well; da, da, Mamma ſay, I muſt go a peep, pay Mamma, pay a Doddy beſſe me, and make me a dood Man, ah, egh. [*bows the Child to her.*

*Ang.* Heaven bleſs my Heart and Soul. [*kiſſes it.*

*Fard.* Your Ladyſhips humble Servant, this is the Childs hour to go to Sleep, and I always uſe them to an hour, there muſt be method uſed, Madam, in all things; good night to your good Ladyſhip, leave little maſter to me, you ſhall hear him ſay twenty year hence, he had a good Nurſe I'll warrant ye. [*Exit* Far. *and Child.*

*Guſſ.* Good night Nurſe.

*Ang.* Good fortune attend thee pretty Angel from henceforth, tho hitherto thou haſt had very little.

*Guſſ.* You never told me out his Hiſtory yet Madam, tho often have begun it, and as much as I remember, was that, whilſt you were living at *London*, in your Unkles houſe, a *Spaniſh* Merchant, who was our Burgo-maſters Elder Brother, to whom being an Orphan, you were ſent from *Spain*, by your Brother in your infancy, and who afterwards dying left you his Eſtate; that you came acquainted there, with a young Lady your Neighbour, with whom you grew ſo intimate, that you were often Bed-fellows, ſhe frequently coming to you, and you to her, you began to tell me too of a young Captain, that was her Brother; but at that part o'th' Story, ſome buſineſs intervening you ſtill broke off, and left me to gueſs the reſt imperfectly, of what now I hope to hear.

*Ang.* Thou ſhalt, tho the recital is uſhered with a ſigh, when e're I tell it; know then, this Gentleman her Brother, was ſo like her in face, in ſhape, in voice, height, age, and geſture, that when they dreſſed in one anothers Cloaths, their Parents and Relations oft miſtook them; he as ill Stars ordained it, fancy'd me, and being young, wild and extravagant, and finding me averſe to all looſe Courtſhip reſolv'd upon the greateſt piece of Treachery, that ever Maid was wronged by.

*Guſſ.* By all that's good Madam, I begin to tremble at my own apprehenſions.

*Ang.* Thy fears are certainly too true, for having ſtoln out his Siſters Cloaths one night he came to me, admitted to our houſe, taken

taken for her, I was in bed, and innocently heaven knows miſtaking him as the reſt, pray'd him make haſte, which too too ſoon he did, for before Morning, with ſtruggling wooing kiſſes and vows of Marriage, back'd with the treacherous opportunity, he broke my firſt reſolves and gained his purpoſe, took from my finger too a favorite Ring, with ſolemn Oaths, within 2 days at fartheſt to bring another, and a Prieſt to join us; but oh, the perjured wretch, inſtead of this, the next News I had, I heard he was commanded to his Poſt in the Army, ſince when I have never ſeen nor heard of him.

*Guſſ.* And this little one was the product of that only meeting?

*Ang.* By all that's good it was, ſoon after this my Unkle dies, and left me luckily e're my fault was known, his fortune, but afterwerds finding my ſelf grow big, and fearing ſcandal I reſolved to go to *Madrid*, and diſcover all to my Brother; I did ſo, he knew him, and after having generouſly forgiven, and deſired me to ſtay here at *Bruxells*, promiſed to ſeek the wronger of my honour, and force him to do Juſtice, as ſoon as he had finiſhed his Embaſſy into *France*, for which employment he was about that time choſen, and by his Letter now ſent he tells me my falſe friend is come this way towards *England*, but that he himſelf will be here to morrow; then, if we can find the right Father, his Penitence reſtores him, but if not, a jolly Widdow paſſes on the formal Preſident, ſeeming at my Unkles ſuit, tho my own cunning, in ſpite of my Aunts *Machiavilian* plottting; and now thou haſt heard all, let's home and conſult, I know their heads are at it.

*Guſſ.* To do you Juſtice honour would prevail
With every man of ſenſe that only heard your tale. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter* Bondevelt, Kinglove, *and Footmen with lights.*

*Bond.* You have now Sir brought me to the door of my houſe, I will therefore only diſcourſe ye with a word or two more, and then good night. You are Sir a young Gentleman, and I perceive of ſingular good parts, proſper me 'tis very much, you have not apply'd your ſelf more to buſineſs.

*King.* Troth Sir, all that I can ſay to your worthyneſs on this matter is, that my Father bred me of his own opinion, which was, that pleaſure is the only buſineſs a Gentleman ſhould apply himſelf to.

*Bond.* Oh vile, you muſt give me leave then, hearing this, to tell ye,

ye, Sir, your Father was an Epicure, but your Country *England* is noted by all conſiderative Nations, for breeding their Progeny in that manner; oh vile notion, a Gentlemans buſineſs pleaſures, why it ſhould be quite contrary, a right Gentlemans pleaſure ſhould be buſineſs.

*King.* Why faith Sir, I muſt needs own our Countrymen would hardly take ſuch a one for a right Gentleman.

*Bond.* I believe ſo, the reaſon is, becauſe, proſper me, you let your Souls ruſt with idleneſs, now my ſharp-ſighted Father, I thank him, ſeaſon'd me from the beginning.

*King.* Seaſon him, what did he Pickle and Salt him? [*aſide.*

*Bond.* I mean he wiſely let me know, ſome of the rough and untoward part of Life in my infancy, my ſeaſoning was the early preparing my body for travel and buſineſs; to which purpoſe, he ſent me at ſeven years old, a Voyage into *Greenland* for Whalebone.

*King.* Now my Father ſent me at ſeventeen to the Univerſity.

*Bond.* To do what, ſtudy ſilly Theories, to loſe the ſolid Practick, learn Bawdy, under the nickname of Philoſophy, or bandy Religion about ſo hard, to be all the reſt of your Life an Atheiſt, —— hah, oh vile Management, there's a whole age loſt, miſpent and neglected; ſeventeen, why I had almoſt finiſht my Travels by that time.

*King.* There's the hint; now will I ſet his Tongue agog to tell 'em meerly to ſave my ſelf, the plague of Repartee, what Travels pray Sir?

*Bond.* Sir, every where, I have Travell'd every where, to the *Eaſt* and *Weſt Indies*, from thence to the *South America*, *Panama*, *Guancavellica*, *Lima*, and *Porto Bello*, I have rolled in Silver from the Mines of *Potoſi*, and in Gold from the River *de la Plata*, and the rich banks of the lake of *Parima*.

*King.* What Merchandizes I beſeech ye, Sir, what Commodities did you vend there?

*Bond.* Ah things Sir, that in their nature you'd laugh to hear of, trifles in our parts here, tho there of prodigious value, to wit, Thread, Points, Horns, Catcals, Penny Looking Glaſſes, Wooden Trumpets, Tin Nutmeg-grater, Braſs, Candles, Saveals, and the like; and then the rare Mechanical invention of Combs, Knifes, Scizzars, Tooth-picks, Thimbles, Buckles, Buttons, Bodkins, with the moſt ingenious Cork-ſcrew and incomparable Nut cracker, bring in a Mint, a Mint of Money, there's pleaſure for ye, Sir. Proſper me, what greater can there be, than the ingenious over-reaching ones fellow creature in the way of Trade.

*King.*

*King.* That is, he means cheating ones fellow creature in the way of Trade. *Aſide.*

*Bond.* To do which there are occaſions innumerable, would you believe it, Sir, Riches and Treaſure flow there ſo plentifully that I have had my ſelf a Buſhel of Silver for a pack of Cards, and a large Ingot of Gold for a little diminutive unmuſical Inſtrument, vulgarly called a Jewſtrump.

*Enter* Dorange *with a Leteer.*

*King.* Ay, and if that be'nt a lye, than I'm a Dromedary. *Aſide.*

*Bond.* And ſo, Sir, I wiſh you well home. Sirrah, wait on the Gentleman.

*Dor.* The Preſident *Bondeveli*'s houſe, Gent. pray which is it?

*King.* That there, Sir; but here is the Preſident himſelf —— Hah who's here —— what, my dear Collonel?

*Dor.* Mum, *Kinglove*, not a word more, I'm no body. (*Softly to him.*) And pleaſe your Worthineſs, here's a Letter for ye. (*To* Bond.)

*Bond.* For me, Sir — But hold, there's no need of Ceremony. I know the hand, and find now he's but a Footman for all his gaudineſs. *Reads.*

*Dor.* No queſtions, *Frank*, till to morrow, only this, as a doughty Hero once ſaid before, I am going where Love and Honour call, return if alive to morrow by twelve.

*King.* Speed the Plough, Sir, fare ye well. *Exit* King.

*Bond.* 'Tis very well, friend, and on my word thou'rt a very lucky fellow; for I had juſt writ a Letter, which I would have early in the morning ſent to the party, in reference to this very affair —— here 'tis, be careful, and there's for thy diligence.

*Gives Money and Ex.*

*Dor.* Good agen — What Sot is he now, that diſparrages the function of a Lacquey, additionally grac'd with the praiſe worthy induſtry of a well-bred Pimp, and ſo forth —— here's four Piſtoles got in three quarters of an hour, and gad ſome two years ago in *Flanders* I ſhould have thought my Collonelſhip very lucky in poſſeſſion of but half as much. [Van Scopen *is ſeen peeping about.*] But money begins to flutter about agen I ſee now —— Stay, how ſhall I get this and my ſelf convey'd to her, after I have read it without her knowing I have any light in her affair —— hah —— by good luck yonder's my Counterpart (*Sees* Van Scopen) her creature, who without doubt has ſtaid at the door blowing his Nails ever ſince my curioſity made bold to ſupply his office; for now I'm ſure 'twas he that was intended —— I'll accoſt him —— ſo friend well met.

*Van Sc.* It may be ſo, Sir, it may be not, Sir, tholl, loll, loll. *Sings.*

*Dor.*

*Dor.* Come, come, for all thy ſurlineſs, I'll prove my ſelf thy friend —— I know thee —— know all thy buſineſs too—— thou ſtayſt for a Letter to carry to Madam *Angellica.* Why lookee here 'tis for thee—here's the Gentleman too thou art to guide thither, and here's two Piſtoles by way of incouragement to diligence——hah—what thinkſt thou?

*Van Sc.* Think, Sir, gad, Sir, I think ye are much in the right, and my diligence ſhall ſecond your liberality, Sir, immediately. Follow me, Sir?

*Dor.* Why well ſaid.

Thus ſpite of Locks and Bars when *Jove* did wooe,
Almighty Gold ne're fail'd to ſhower him through.

*Exeunt.*

## Act III. Scene I. Angellica's *Chamber,*

*Enter* Bertran *and Madam* La Marquiſe.

*Mad.* COme prithee my dear, let me have this money, 'tis but a hundred Piſtoles, and I may chance to win five hundred.

*Bert.* Ma Chere, in van word den, I will let no mor money go upon ſhance, ſhance is de Teefe, de Sheat, de Pickpocket, ſhance, morbleau, vill empty min purſe, if I give you any mor money for Play, min Deare.

*Mad.* Becauſe I had a little ill luck laſt night, which was look'd upon as a Miracle too by all the Baſſett-Table, the moſt skilful of all the Punts bleſs'd himſelf to ſee't; for during the time of play, I had once from an *Alpiew* or *Paroli, Sept et la va, Quinze et le va, Trent en le va:* Nay, once *Soiſſant et le va,* and yet loſt all at laſt, but 'twas a thouſand to one, my Dear.

*Bert.* 'Tis one towſan to one but min Purſe get de dam Conſumption wid your *Trent* and *Soiſſant,* if I give you mor money.

*Mad.* What for an Accident, Child? No, no, I ſhall have luck to night I'm ſure, for Mr *Shuffle-tallies* and I'm to be *Croupiere;* I'll follow the winning Knaves, and get *Sept* and *Quince et le va,* before another ſhall make an *Alpeiw;* but I confeſs this laſt time I had the Devil of ill fortune, ſuch indeed that 'tis almoſt incredible, I loſt a *Sept et le va* upon an Eighth King.

*Bert.* Morbleau, and voud loſe de Kings Revenue, if you play play on, dat is moſt veritable, dis game is fit for none but de King and

and Queen to play at, derefore I ſpeak once more ver true, I have no more Money ver de Baſſett.

*Mad.* But I'm ingag'd in honour to meet my Lady *Fatly* and take my revenge, for 'twas that hideous Punt that won moſt of my Money——I'll tell thee how 'twas, Child, ſhe faſs'd me every Card I ſet, or when I drew a lucky one it did not go: ſhe'd make *Paroli* and *Sept e le va* upon the ſame Card, and when I loſt my King four times in one deal, ſhe upon an odious filthy Knave, every time wone *Sonica*: Did you ever hear the like. *Sonica*? Oh prodigious! Every time *Sonica*!

*Bert.* De divla tak my Lady and *Sonica* too, vat care I vor—— heare dis: come, come, be adviſe and play no more?

*Mad.* What not have my revenge, ſhall ſuch a huge Tun-belly'd naſty Thump-cuſhion, as my Lady *Fatly*, make her brags ſhe has ſtripp'd me. No, I'll ſell my Skin but I'll have my revenge. Beſides, does this conſiſt with your French Honour, Sir, to have me ſtripp'd and made a jeſt to the Lords, Gentlemen, and the reſt of the Company; 'twould be a very pretty ſight, would it not, for them to ſee me ſtripp'd?

*Bert.* Yes, Morbleau, dat would be de ver pretty ſight, indeed.

*Mad.* I mean, made uncapable of another night's play.

*Bert.* Gazoon, I mean ſo too, I ſhould be ver loth to find dat.

*Mad.* Piſh. Pray, Sir, no more of your jeſts, if you will grant my requeſt, and ſave my credit, I ſhall think my ſelf oblig'd, but pray ſpare your wantton conceits, my virtuous inclinations don't admire 'em?

*Bert.* Nay, nay, Madam, I hope I may jeſt without affronting of your virtue; and I hope I may love you ver well, widout more ſqueezing min Purſe vor de Baſſett.

*Mad.* Will you deny me then?

*Bert.* You ſet your heart too much upon dis ting, Madam: Your love of de Play, mak you covetous, and love Money too well. And dat Wife dat love Money too well, aſſurement ver often love her Virtue too little.

*Mad.* 'Tis baſely ſaid, if you reflect on me, Sir, whoſe virtue has been of ſo pure a nature, it ne're was tainted yet with one bad thought. Virtue as white as Down of Swans or Ermin.

*Bert.* I don't know dat, but to be ſure, I have tak de care to waſh you a little.

*Mad.* You will deny me then?

*Bert.* No, no, no, deny, I will only keep a my Money, dat is all.

*Mad.* I ſhall be horribly out of humour, I ſhall ſcold confoundedly.

*Bert.* I ſhall ſing and laugh den ver muſh.

*Mad.* Indeed you had better ſave my credit, Sir.

*Bert.* Indeed I had betra ſave my Money, Madam.

*Mad.* Phoo, you ſhall do it for your little Dear this once; what, hang a hundred Piſtoles, I'll oblige you, my dear dear precious, a hundred times as much: Come, you ſhall hear a pretty new *Scotch* Song I made ——

*Bert.* Ay, with all my heart. *A Dance.*

*Scotch* SONG.

I.

JOckey *was a dowdy Lad;*
*And* Jemmy *ſwarth and tawny.*
*They, my heart no Captive made,*
*For that was prize to* Sawny.
Jockey *wooes, and ſighs and ſues,*
*And* Jemmy *offers Money;*
*Weel, I ſee, they both love me,*
*But I love only* Sawny.

II.

Jockey *high his voice can raiſe,*
*And* Jemmy *Tunes the Vyol;*
*But when* Sawny *Pipes ſweet Layes*
*My heart kens no denyal.*
*Yen he ſings, and-t'other ſtrings,*
*Tho ſweet, yet only teize me;*
Sawny's *Flute can only do't,*
*And Pipe a Tune to pleaſe me.*

*Mad.* There's for ye, my Life, my Heart, my Vitals; and now you ſhall do't for me; I'll do any thing to divert my dear Honey.

*Bert.* Aw you are de dam cunning Gipſey — Here is de Honey, and de Honey, but Gazoon is only for my Money — Aw but dis ſhall no do for all dat. *Aſide.*

*Mad.* And this now my own heart ſhall command every day if he pleaſes, and every night I'll ſing my own dear aſleep.

*Bert.* Aw, pure wheadle, morbleau dis is plain, dis is de meer ſheate; ver good den, I will trye now vor put de ſheate upon her.

*Mad.* Come Sweet, ſhall I be oblig'd to thee? prithee ſay Ay.

*Bert.* Vell, vell, put off your meeting vor one two day, you know I go to morr to receive Money, and ſall ſtay out de whole.

whole night; ven I come home I vill tell you more; but no more to dat purpoſe, Morbleau: — *Aſide.* So, go go and make your Viſit, and preſent my ſervice to de Lady. *Exit.*

*Mad.* Piſh, this is only a ſham, this niggardly wretch won't do it I ſee by his fleering. Well Monſieur, ſince you dare deny your Wife neceſſaries, for Money is the chief of neceſſaries, ſhe ſhall try what her Merit can do without ye; and whether her Beauty will pawn for a hundred Piſtoles; for the truth is, I do love Money ſo well, and Play for the ſake of Money, that I'm reſolv'd to keep up my Credit abroad with the Gameſters of Qualtiy, tho his Cuckoldom purchaſe the means of doing it; and I think I have a Chapman ready too, which I made ſure of, for fear he ſhould prove thus hide-bound. *Enter* Maſcarillo. How now *Maſcarillo,* what news of the Collonel?

*Maſc.* Why, Madam, I hear there's a Letter left at home for ye, and I ſuppoſe from him; but if you would know more particularly, ſtep into the next room and you may inform your ſelf, for he's juſt gone in to viſit Madam *Angellica.*

*Mad.* Who the Collonel — ar't ſure 'tis he?

*Maſc.* Very ſure, Madam, for I ſaw *Van Scopen* my Brother Crony bring him in the back way about a quarter of an hour ago.

*Mad.* What can this mean? I am ſure ſhe has no acquaintance with him. Ha, ten to one 'tis after me he comes, having had information of my being here; go and pump the t'other fellow, dear *Maſcarillo,* and bring me what Intelligence thou canſt.

*He makes ſign for Money. She walks off.*

*Maſc.* Very good, I am to Pump for her, and I am to Pimp for her, and yet not a penny of Money; humh — Gad this ſhan't do? but hold, ſhe is not fit for the Trap yet, let the Mouſe play a little longer. *Aſide, and Exit.*

*Enter* Guſſet.

*Guſſ.* My Lady heard you were here Madam, and having this inſtant ſome company with her, ſhe commanded me to wait on you into her Bed-chamber, where ſhe will attend you preſently.

*Mad.* I am her humble Servant: This ſhews ſhe does not care I ſhou'd ſee what company is with her; hum — is it ſo? Well, I'll watch her I'm reſolv'd, and if they proceed to an Intrigue, prevent it, tho I ruin her; I'm of a nature that can endure no Competitor. *Aſide, and Exeunt.*

*Enter* Dorange *and* Angellica, *with a Letter.*

*Ang.* Sir, as the Preſidents friend you are welcome to me, and I thank you for the care of his Letter; tho you have ventur'd into a place ſo inhoſpitable to ſtrangers, that I dare not aſſure your good uſage long.

*Dor.* Madam, the Courteſie I receive from you has oblig'd ſufficiently one that has had a character of the nature of this family. [*Apart.* 'Tis ſhe, by Heaven, but the Small Pox has ſo alter'd me I ſee ſhe does not know me, which ſuits well with my deſign; and though I am welcome as the Preſidents friend now, I hope, if things are not gone too far, to prove more my own friend than his very ſhortly.

*Ang.* What makes him look on me and mutter to himſelf? Sure he knows ſomething of the Child! Lord help me, how every look or trifle frights me, ſince that unlucky accident firſt happen'd. *Aſide.*

*Enter* Guſſet *haſtily.*

*Guſſ.* Oh Madam, if you don't intend to have all the things in the Room thrown at your Head, your Eyes pull'd out, and your Clothes torn to pieces, look about you preſently, and clear your Lodgings; here's *Scopen* has run himſelf out of breath, to bring news from the Stable, that your Aunt is broke out, and is coming like a Fury, her eyes flaming with rage, and her Tongue thundring out diſſolution to her Husband, and all that withſtand her.

*Ang.* Oh Heaven, what ſhal lwe do with the Gentleman?

*Guſſ.* I know not; ſhe's ſuch a Fiend now ſhe's in her fit, ſhe'll tear him all to pieces.

*Dor.* The Devil ſhe will; I'll warrant ye, Madam, fear nothing, I'll tame her quickly.

*Guſ.* Tame her! O Lord, Sir, 'tis impoſſible, ſhe has got Fire-arms and the Devil and all with her; ſhe'll have a brace of Slugs in your guts before you can ask what's the matter.

*Dor.* Humph: Gad I'm like to be finely paid for my poſtage, if this be true, I'll get out at the back door.

*Guſ.* The plaguee Footman has taken away the Key —— No, hold. (*Studies.*) I've thought of ſomething at a pinch —— Your Taylor, Madam, that brought home your Stayes to day, left a Coat here of ſome bodies, to call for as he came back, and an old Perriwig the Butler can lend him; then, Sir, if you can act a Taylor a little, you may paſs ſecurely.

*Dor.* A Taylor, ay, ay, I can act the Devil, any thing, come, I warrant thee.

*Guſ.* Follow me then quickly, for ſhe'll be here in a moment. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Min H.* Tomas *and* Bondevelt.

*Min H.* Come, Neice, without mincing the matter any longer, if as your Unkle, I have any intereſt in ye, I deſire ye to look on this worthy friend of mine, the Honourable Preſident, in a parti-

particular way, I mean as a Suiter, his place in the State is eminent, his parts not to be queſtioned, and to ſum up all virtues in one, the greateſt promoter of Trade in *Europe*.

*Ang.* Sir, I ſhall always honour your Merits, and in how particular a manner your admiſſion extends, I hope I ſatisfied you in my Letter.

*Bond.* Madam, you did, which, proſper me has given me a univerſe of joy. When I was at *Quito*, after coming from the River of *Amazons*, I ſaw a Wedding, and the Bridegrooms method of expreſſing his joy for his Bride was, by ſlitting his Noſe, cutting off one Ear, a joynt of the Ring finger from each hand, and ſo forth. Ah Madam, I could wiſh it were the cuſtom here to aſſure ye, I wou'd not ſpare the ſacrificing any part about me, to ſhew the grand ſatisfaction I poſſeſs for the honour of your Ladyſhip's favour.

*Min H.* His diſcourſe is always ſo pleaſantly larded with his Travels, Niece —— oh —— the Preſident's an admirable ſpeaker, ſnick me.

*Ang.* I believe no leſs, Sir, but pray where's my Aunt, did not ſhe come with ye? why we have been frighted here with the alarm of her coming? We have almoſt been ſcar'd out of our Wits?

*Min.* Aw never fear her, I have laid her faſt enough ——— I ſhall reſt in my Bed now, and lay my Legs acroſs as I pleaſe; and I think 'tis but reaſon, for I han't ſlept ſoundly this twenty years.

*Enter* Van Scopen *haſtily.*

*Ang.* How now? How came you to fright us ſo, and tell my Woman my Aunt was coming?

*Van Sc.* 'Dſheart, ſo ſhe is coming, and by this time at the bottom o'th' ſtairs.

*Min H.* How, Sirrah, what the Devil is ſhe broke out?

*Van Sc.* Broke out, I gad, Sir, and will break your head within this two Minutes——She has arm'd herſelf like the figure of St. *George* in the Sign, with a Head-piece on, and a great Iron-headed Pike in her hand inſtead of a Launce, a huge Sword, with a Basket-hilt, after the faſhion of *Scanderbeg*; beſides, a Fuſee, and the Devil and all of Fire-arms.

*Min H.* Gad forgive me, Fire arms —— Good Sir be pleaſed to abſcond for a moment, I know 'tis you ſhe ſeeks. Here's a Preſs uſed to hang Cloaths up in; in, in quickly, I beſeech ye, Sir, whilſt I ſubmit my ſelf and calm her fury.

*Ang.* How, Unkle, is this you that us'd to ſay you would ſhew your Maſculine power, and make her tremble?

*Min H.*

*Min H.* Ah, but the Fuſee, Niece, the Fire-arms, if ſhe had come reaſonably, that a man might have box'd with her fairly, I'd have given her a ſquelch, and kept her under me till ſhe ask'd me pardon, but that confounded Fuſee, Engine of the Devil, or worſe than the Devil to me; a Soldier, I quake at the thought on't. [Anniky *within.*] Where are ye, *Skellum*? where are ye? I ſhall ferret ye preſently.

*Min H.* Ah, 'tis her dreadful voice, ſnick me. In, in, pray Sir, ſhe's coming up the ſtairs.

*Bond.* An odd turn of affairs this, I that have been ſixteen thouſand leagues off in the wide world, from Eaſt to Weſt, to be now confin'd to a Box not above ſixteen inches Diagonical, hugh—— Tis a ſtrange turn of affairs, proſper me. [*Goes into the Preſs.*

*Ang.* I'll get out of hearing I am reſolv'd, let them fight their Battle by themſelves. *Exit* Angellica.

*Enter* Anniky, *armed ridiculouſly, with Head-piece, Back, and Breaſt, Sword, Half Pike, and a Fuſee on her Shoulder.* [*She ſtares at him, and he looks ſneakingly.*

*Ann.* Lord, Goodman *Aſſinego*, how you look now? How does your ſtomach ſtand affected, hoh; I have brought ye a reliſh here of the Diet you deſign'd me; there, eat. [*Throws him Horſe-beans.*] Sir, ſnick and ſnee me, eat quickly, or — [*Offers to ſhoot.*

*Min H.* I will eat, I will eat any thing, dear Wife, any thing. *Eats.*

*Ann.* Wife! 'Dslife ſuch another word, and the Sun ſhines through thee immediately —Wife! familiar fool, my name ſhall be *Tamerlana*, as being the firſt Conquereſs and Tamer of a uſeleſs inſignificant Animal call'd a Husband. D'ye eat, Sir?

*Min H.* I do, I do, moſt invincible *Tamerlana*, I do. *Eats.*

*Ann.* The beſt repaſt in the world for fellows that are troubled with frigidity. Well, now to Confeſſion; what, you are a Doodle, I ſuppoſe?

*Min H.* I am ſo.

*Ann.* Very well. Come, now muſter up your offences with an audible voice, and explain your ſelf; begin with your notorious miſdemeanour in Wedlock —— Come, own firſt, that whatever you are, you ought to be — a Cuckold.

*Min H.* I do ſo.

*Ann.* Leave off that ſneaking Dog-look you had beſt, and ſpeak out, or here's what ſhall open your pipes.

*Min H.* Oh good Wife. *Tamerlana* I mean.

*Ann.* Go on to the reſt then; own, own.

*Min.*

*Min H.* Why, I do own, I do own, that when I marry'd thee firſt 'twas for thy Money. *Crying.*

*Ann.* So.

*Min H.* And tho I was indifferently civil the firſt night, much againſt my will; and yet I made a horrible reſolution in the morning never to be ſo agen. *Crying out.*

*Ann.* Like a ſordid Raſcal as I was.

*Min H.* Like a ſordid Raſcal as I was.

*Ann.* Good, proceed.

*Min H.* That I always hated that goodly plump perſon of thine, and being inſtigated by the Devil, us'd to call thee a fulſome Dowdy.

*Ann.* For which I deſerve to be hang'd.

*Min H.* For which I deſerve to be hang'd.

*Ann.* In thy Garters at my own door.

*Min H.* In thy Garters at my own door.

*Ann.* Right. Now to your contrivance with *Bondevelt* about marrying my Niece —— Own quickly, come.

*Min H.* Why, I own I have contriv'd.

*Ann.* With that Coxcomb the Preſident — Out with the truth, and loudly —— as you wou'd keep your Guts whole.

*Min H.* With that Coxcomb the Preſident —— Oh Lord, he hears me now I'm ſure, [*Aſide.*] In conſideration of a Bond of three thouſand pounds given me, to marry him to my Niece.

*Ann.* That's well; now come give me that Bond: Come, come, and ſet your hand here to aſſign it to me, and I'll condeſcend to be friends.

*Min H.* Ah, ſweet Wife, gracious Wife, gracious *Tamerlana*, don't exact ſo hardly upon the Husband of thy boſome, don't Chick.

*Ann.* Nay, no delays or evaſions; do that or take this; I have Money and Friends enough to get my Pardon for killing a thouſand ſuch drones as thou art, and do the State good ſervice into the bargain —— Or elſe come I'll go another way, give me Bond and Judgment to get me an heir by *Chriſtmas-day* next, and I'll be ſatisfy'd.

*Min H.* Oons, that's a task ten times harder than t'other Snick me, that's a thing the Devil wou'd not undertake —— Come, give me the Paper — There —— [*Writes.*] Well, are we friends now?

*Ann.* Ay Friends —— what elſe, come kiſs me. *He kiſſes her.*

*Min H.* Ah *Anky*, *Tamarlana*, ah *Anky* —— Away with your Arms then, away with that Murder-maker now.

*Ann.*

*Ann.* Well Husband, and d'ye trul y [*She gives him her Arms.*] forget all now; you know 'twas only a piece of cunning; we are all mortal, to ſecure my ſelf, in caſe thou ſhou'dſt dye, and leave me, Honey. *Fawning on him.*

*Min H.* Wormwood, Gall.

*Ann* I ſee thou haſt a frown or two left upon thy forehead ſtill. Come, we'll have ſome Wine to our reconcilement: Wou'dſt thou drink my health in a Bumper of Sherry now, and ſweeten it with ——

*Min H.* Ratsbane——Come Cockatice, ye are catch'd at laſt, ye are disbanded ifaith —— Have you laid down your Arms, good Powder-Monkey —— Come, deliver—— 'Sbud give me the Papers back agen, or ——

*Ann.* How, Sir!

*Min H.* Inſtantly, or ſnick me my double fiſt ſhall ſo mawl thee ——Oh, I lye, I lye, I lye; oh gracious *Tamerlana:*

*Goes to ſeize her, ſhe pulls out a Piſtol.*

I did but jeſt, I did but jeſt faith and troth. [*Kneels to her.*

*Ann.* Ah ye treacherous *Skellum*, is this your reconcilement. 'dlife, why ſhould not I rid my ſelf of ſuch a Scoundrel?

*Min H.* Oh *Tamerlana, Tamerlana,* I am at thy feet, I am at thy feet.

*Ann.* But hang't, let the fool live, I know always how to keep him in awe. Go, get ye out of my ſight and ſtudy a repentant Speech, you had beſt. If I find any more Rebellion, 'tis but thus: Phiz, bounce, your Puddings ſhall pay for't inſtantly.

*Min H.* Tarmagant Jade, what a life muſt I lead now—— Oh, I muſt go and get drunk to cure me of my fright. Oh I am a miſerable Burgo-maſter, ſnick me. *Exit.*

*Ann.* So, here is the Bond, three thouſand pounds worth of Paper. However, here's the effect of Wit now, this comes of managing Matrimony, as I am a Calviniſt: And now I'll to my Niece, I'm ſure ſhe is in ſome of theſe Rooms, and perhaps the Preſident with her, I care not if he is now, the Fiſh is caught, I'll go and ſee.——

If Husbands ſtill are pleas'd when Wives they fool,
Wives muſt be ſo, that can their Husbands rule. *Exit.*

*Enter* Bondevelt *from the Preſs.*

*Bond.* A ſtrange unaccountable Creature this! And I have found ſince my incloſure in my Hutch here, that this Burgo-maſter too is a very timorous raſcally Fellow: Firſt, to let a ſawcy Woman affront me behind my back; and, ſecondly, to be baffled out of my Bond; but 'tis all one to me who has it, great Benefits are ſeldom got without good Bribes: And if by either of 'em

'em I get but the Lady and the Fortune, I ſhall be repaid well enough, therefore I'll venture to go, and ſhew my ſelf amongſt 'em. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Angellica *and* Guſſet *with* Dorange, *dreſſed like a* Dutch *Taylor wi h Womens Stays in his hand.*

*Ang.* So this diſguiſe was very lucky

*Dor.* And very ugly, the Devil take me, as ever I ſaw,

*Guſſ.* Come, come, Sir, 'tis well for you we had it, the Dragons Claws in her fury, would have ſpoiled your Roman Noſe elſe Sir. —— huſh — to your Trade —— here ſhe comes, and Madam *la Marquiſe* with her, whom ſhe has met in the Dining Room: come Sir, look ſneakingly and mind your buſineſs. [*to* Dorange.

*Enter* Anniky, *and Madam* la Marquiſe.

*Ann.* How now, what fellow's that ?

*Guſſ.* My Ladies Taylor, Mr. *Stichwell* Madam.

*Dor.* How, how, Madam, not like your Stayes?

*Ang.* No not like them, they pinch me here upon the breaſt, pucker here on the Shoulder, and the whalebone hurts me.

*Ann.* And are not you a fool Neice, to employ him then ; the fellow looks like a Blockhead.

*Dor* Thankee (*aſide.*) [*ſees Mad.* la Marquiſe.] hah by Heaven the charming Creature, that ſent me the Letter this Morning. what a garb has ſhe found me in. (*aſide.*)

*Ang.* Ay, 'tis true Aunt, but he makes ſome amends by his honeſty tho he be a dull Rogue,

*Dor.* Very pretty on t'other ſide.

*Mad.* 'Tis the Collonel, I m ſure 'tis he, tho diſguiſed (*aſide.*)

*Guſſ.* Here take a Needle and Silk, and gather in this skirt a little ſtraighter——[*he ſtares at her.*] What haſt forgot thy Tools ah, thou'rt a Bungler. [*gives him Needle and Silk and he ſits down croſs leg'd and ſows aukwardly*

*Ann* Well, you'll never come into our faſhion Neice, you will always wear Armour, and Coats with long Tails that ſweep the Rooms cleaner than the wench does; if you wou'd have had my Taylor you had not been ſo clumſily ſerv'd; 'dlifiikins this awkward fellow looks as if he ne're handled a Needle in's life.

*Dor.* Pox on her ſhe might have ſwore it, my Fingers are a little numb'd and pleaſe ye Madam, 'tis cold weather,

*Ann.* Well Neice, where have ye hid the Preſident, for I'm ſure he was here, — come you may tell me, I am not now ſo angry at the matter, as I was, ſo you entertain none but he, tell me the truth where is he ?

*Ang.* Then to be plain with ye Madam, you frighted him

hence, tho he would fain have ſpoken with you, and I believe he waits for ye now, at your own apartment.

*Ann.* Well I'll go to him, and be moderate, lookee Neice, you know your Brothers order and my power, let me be concern'd in your affairs, and then all will go well, but otherwiſe not ſo, as I'm a *Calviniſt.* *Exit* Ann.

*Ang.* So, thank fortune, ſhe's diſpatch'd at laſt. Come, now what think ye of a Game at Cards?

*Guſ.* Pray let the ſham Taylor get into his true ſhape again firſt, Madam.

*Dor.* Ay, gad, for I'm plaguee weary of my Trade —— You Devil, you puzzled me ſoundly, about gathering the Skirt there. *Exeunt.*

*Mad.* Madam, I have a buſineſs that calls me home, or elſe I ſhould be very glad to make one at Ombre, but the Collonel no doubt will match ye at Picket.

*Ang.* The Collonel! What, then I perceive ſhe is acquainted with him; who can this Collonel be? (*Aſide.*) You know him then, Madam, pray what Collonel is't?

*Mad.* Why, Madam, don't you know?

*Ang.* Not I: He's an acquaintance of the Preſidents, but an utter ſtranger to me, and this diſguiſe was to keep him from my Aunts knowledge.

*Mad.* I am glad to hear that. (*Aſide.*) And to me too, Madam, as to his name, but he's very well worth your acquaintance; he's an Engliſh Collonel of Horſe I hear, and a man of a very good Family.

*Re enter* Dorange *new dreſs'd, and* Guſſet.

*Dor.* I believe I ſhall laugh at this Adventure very often when I han't the happineſs of ſeeing your Ladiſhip.

*Mad.* The occaſion will require it, Sir.

*Ang.* 'Tis always ſo, when we are to be govern'd by Relations. *Guſſet* get the Cards ready. *Exit* Guſſet.

*Dor.* And till they come, I beg the favour of a word with you Madam. (*To* M. la Marquiſe.

*Mad.* Madam, I beg your leave a minute. *To* Angelica. Now for the hundred Piſtoles; Fortune, I hope I ſhall nick his buſineſs. *aſide.*

*Re-enter* Bondevelt.

*Bond.* Madam, having been engag'd lately to hear a little tumultuous diſcourſe juſt now between your Aunt and the Burgomaſter, and perceiving at laſt the main hinge on which the whole matter mov'd was relating to me, I reſolv'd to conceal my ſelf no longer, but to diſcourſe her. Is ſhe gone, I beſeech ye?

*Enter*

*Enter* Guſſet *with Cards.*

*Ang.* Juſt gone Sir, a minute ſince; I'm ſure you may overtake her eaſily; and 'twill be proper, Sir, becauſe now ſhe has a mind to ſee ye.

*Bond.* Madam, I underſtand ye perfectly. *Looks off, and ſees* Dorange *talking familiarly with* M. la Marquiſe. How oddly that Domeſtick behaves himſelf. *aſide.* I will therefore inſtantly go diſpatch her as ſoon as poſſible, and be with your Ladyſhip again with my firſt opportunity.

*Ang.* Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

*Bond.* Madam, I have long'd for a Regalia of pleaſant Converſation with your Ladyſhip too—— But buſineſs, unfortunate buſineſs, Madam—— [*To* M. la Marquiſe, *putting by* Dorange.] How now, how doſt do? [*Nods at* Dor. *To* Ang.) Oh Madam, I had forgot to tell ye before I go, you have really a very diligent fellow of that. [*Pointing to* Dor. I have found him ſo; a very diligent fellow, and worthy recommendation——Your Servant Madam [*Exit, bowing to the Ladies, and nodding to* Dorange.

*Ang.* Diligent fellow! what does he mean? he talks of him as if he were my Footman. *aſide.* Give me the Cards, *Guſſet.* *She ſorts 'em.*

*Mad.* The Preſidents great buſineſs ſure makes him forget his manners; he uſes ye very familiarly, Collonel.

*Dor.* Oh, I know 'tis his way, and am us'd to't—I underſtand what he means by a nod, as well as a dumb man the language of the fingers: but to the purpoſe of what I whiſper'd, d'ye believe me, Madam?

*Mad.* What, that you came here purpoſely to ſee me?

*Dor.* That, or you undo me.

*Mad.* O fie; try if you can perſwade me to't; however, as I find you behave yourſelf like a man of honour, I ſhall be induc'd to give ye credit; but no more now, the Lady expects ye at Cards.

*Dor.* By Heaven I'll not fail——Oh damn'd Rogue, now cannot I forbear purſuing this Intreague, tho I loſe this other Angel by't, and a flouriſhing fortune — Oh woman, woman, tempting fleſh and blood, how wicked doſt thou make us. *They ſit down to play.*

*Re-enter* Bondevelt.

*Bond.* I forgot to ask her before I went whether I ſhould have any farther private correſpondence with her Unkle, the Aunt being, I perceive, Lady of th' Aſcendant, and ſole Governeſs of the Family's affairs; but I hope 'tis not too late to be reſolv'd——

How now! what's this I ſee! At Cards——and ſo familiar with a Footman ——— Proſper me, can this be real! *Obſerves 'em.*

*Dor.* For the Poynt Madam —— fifty ſeven.

*Ang.* I'm your equal, Sir.

*Bond.* Are ye ſo? I have ſpent my time fairly then. *aſide.*

*Dor.* Your Ladyſhip has a *Quint*, I ſuppoſe.

*Ang.* No, indeed Sir I am not ſo lucky.

*Dor.* Not a *Quint*? what think ye then Madam of *Terſe Major*?

*Ang.* Very good.

*Bond.* Oh Abominable, 'tis plain now there's an Intreague between 'em, a rank Intreague by Heaven, and I accidentally coming back have ſurpriz'd 'em, when they thought themſelves ſecure, — oh the Prodigious Appetite of Women, that when the Blood ferments make no diſtinction, the high born Princely Peer, and the poor Peaſant, are equal in their fancies. However I'm glad I ſaw this, that I may ſort a ſeaſon to inform her how I deſpiſe her Amity. *(going out meets* Guſſet.

*Guſſ.* I hope your worthyneſs is not going ſo ſoon.

*Bond.* I have ſtaid too long unleſs in better Company.

*Guſſ.* How Sir, what is't you ſay, better Company!

*Bond.* Yes 'twas I ſaid it——beſides perhaps I might diſturb your Lady and the Footman at their Game.

*Guſſ.* The Footman, Sir,

*Bond.* The Footman, Miſtreſs: 'tis not his fine Coat can make him otherwiſe, he's too well known.

*Guſſ.* Bleſs me Sir, he paſſes here for a Collonel.

*Bond.* That's a likely matter, I ſay once more, he's a Footman; and ſhe knows it, to whom within this few hours, I gave Gold to pay him for an Errand, and ſo I leave her, tell her to her Paſtime, and much good do her with her running Gameſter.

(*Exit* Bondevelt.

*Guſſ.* How is this a Footman; who the Devil would have thought it, I wonder'd indeed he was ſo over-civil, how many raw young Creatures has that Coat now put a cheat upon.

*Dor.* Seven.——

*Guſſ.* And how many Guinea's will ſhe give me for diſcovering this now.

*Ang.* Five,—— *(playing the Game.*

*Guſſ.* 'Twould be worth ſome I warrant from this Scoundrel too to conceal it.

*Dor.* Eight.

*Guſſ.* To intreague with a Footman, Lord how many Lovers of Quality has ſhe had.

*Ang.*

*Ang.* Five.

*Guſſ.* And ſome Rampart Damſels this Cheat has had I warrant too.

*Dor.* Nine.

*Guſſ.* It will deſerve ten Guinea's from her.

*Ang.* Six, Seven.

*Guſſ.* And from him to play falſe.

*Dor.* Nine.

*Guſſ.* Hah, ſure the Impoſtor does not anſwer me, but if he did I'll be honeſt, I know I ſhall have ten of her.

*Ang.* Eight.

*Guſſ.* Well Eight with honeſty, and for his part.——

*Dor.* Nine.

*Guſſ.* Bragging Puppy, ſure he has over-heard me, but I'll croſs-purpoſe him preſently. Madam, I beg your pardon for interrupting ye, but I muſt needs ſpeak with you on earneſt buſineſs.

*Ang.* What, ſure you can ſtay till the Game's up.

*Guſſ.* Not a minute Madam, excuſe me, 'tis what concerns your honour.

*Dor.* Oh by all means Madam, I muſt not be guilty of detaining ye when matters of moment ingage — your moſt humble Servant, I'll wait on ye another time, —— your Servant pretty Creature. (*to* Guſſet.

*Guſſ.* Impudence, prithee get thee gone. (*frowns.*

*Dor.* Hey day, what has ſhe left her manners amongſt her Ladies foul Linnen, what a pox ails her. (*Exit* Dorange.

*Ang.* How now, what you did not affront the Gentleman I hope.

*Guſſ.* Gentleman, hang him trotting Horſe. Madam, you have been the moſt damnably impos'd on that ever woman was. In ſhort, this gay Fellow that you have made your Companion, is another *Van Scopen*, nothing but a Footman.

*Ang.* A Footman! Why, Madam *la Marquiſe* told me he was a Collonel, and a man of a very good Family; I know too they generally dreſs in that manner.

*Guſ.* Pugh, what ſignifies that, or what ſhe ſays: Here was the Preſident juſt now looking over your Play, and in ſuch a paſſion to ſee your familiarity, that I could not pacify him; he knows him, it ſeems, no otherwiſe but as a Footman, and doubtleſs was angry, believing ſome intreague between ye. Tell her, ſays he, I'll leave her to her paſtime, and much good do her with her running Gameſter.

*Ang* Was there ever ſuch a miſchievous accident? What could be the Fellow's deſign? he never hinted any thing of

Love

Love to me? and I ſwear did not look unlike a Gentleman.

*Guſ.* No, a pox take him, the fellow ſet a good face upon the matter.

*Ang.* Well, be ſure the Porter locks him out for the future; in the mean time go you and find out the truth, and give the Preſident our account of him, but eſpecially let us contrive to keep it from my Aunts knowledge.

With Art and Care, ſucceſs we now muſt get,
And ſince good fortune fails, ſupply with Wit.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I

*Prince* de Landvile, *Knight of the Order of the Fleece, Min Heer* Tomas, Bertran, Kinglove, Dorange, *with a Cloak on, all as ſitting at a Banquet.*

*Omnes.* HA, ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Prince.* You have very good reaſon, faith Sir; when a Wife once comes to be tarmagant and ſawcy, ſhe ought to be reprimanded. This is the moſt comical fellow that ever I met with. *aſide to* Dor.

*Dor.* Oh your Highneſs will have more of him preſently; but remember I'm a Merchant. *aſide.*] My Lord, I was beginning to tell him an infallible way to be reveng'd of her—— What, a jolly Burgo-maſter, the ſoul of Trade, and the top of all the Herring Merchants in *Bruſſels*, to be as it were imaſculated by a Woman; faith 'tis egregious; no, no, take thy Revenge, old Butter-gullet.

*Min H.* Revenge — egh — Zooks I'd give half I'm worth to be reveng'd of her, and t'other full Glaſs or two will ſet me purely in for't, Odsbeares: For you muſt know I an't ſuch a ſneaking Pea gooſe then, as when I'm ſober: Odsbeares, I can talk to her then and ſwear; I am a mettled fellow when I'm drunk, ſnick me.

*King.* Why well ſaid, who gives the Burgo-maſter a Bumper there? Monſieur Marquis, you are his next man, pray ſee the Glaſs come to him —— Come, here's Confuſion to all domineering Wives: Wives that ſet a greater Tax upon a Husbands virili-

ty

ty than his Conſtitution is ever able to pay. Here, Confuſion to 'em.

*Min H.* Hem ; come, away with't ; gad I ſhall be pure and bowzy preſently.

*Bert.* Along Monſieur, here is one Bumper to you ; and hark you, de healt is, may your Wife break her neck down ſtaire to mor morning. *Drinks.*

*Min H. Amen :* I'll drink a pint to that, ſnick me.

*Prince.* As fairly drank as the occaſion is honourable. And now, Sir, as you are a Merchant, and a Lover of Trade, you are oblig'd to help a Brother in diſtreſs ; you were beginning to tell him a pleaſant way of Revenge ; come, pray let's hear it. *To* Dorange.

*Min H.* Ay, come Brother Sprat, prithee out with't.

*King.* If it wants more heads than one we'll all help : I'll give thee ſome drops to mix with her mornings draught ſhall make her ſo hoarſe for a twelvemonth, that ſhe ſhall whiz like a Monſter ſhewer in the Fair, and not be heard the diſtance of two foot, let her endeavour to ſcold never ſo violently.

*Min H.* Thankee good Sir, ſnick me, that would do very well.

*Bert.* And harkee you Miſter Burgomaſtree, I vill give you one rare Powder, dat ſhall draw her Tongue out of de Mout, de Teet out of de Head, and de Nayle of de Finger, and ven ſhe can neider ſcold, bite, nor ſcraſh, ſhe vill be ver good Wife, Morbleau.

*Min H.* Humph —— odd that's an admirable Powder too, that's Powder would do mighty well, Sir my ſervice tee. [*Drinks.*] but come Brother, prithee now let's hear thine.

*Dor.* Why Sir I remember you ſaid ſome time ſince, that above all things your Wife hates a Monkey.

*Min H.* She do's ſo ; nay, and with that Mortal averſion that ſhe'll ſwoon if it comes too near her, goggle with her eyes, foam at mouth, and play ſuch tricks as if ten thouſand Devils had poſſeſt her.

*Dor.* There's your way, Sir, whenever you would gain your point, carry one under your Cloak you may fright her to any thing.

*Min H.* Zooks he has nick'd it ; 'tis a rare way faith, to get my Bond agen ; for the very Devil is not ſo frightful to her as a Monkey, and I'll carry one always about me, I'm ſure 'twill make her do any thing. Odſears, this is a notable man, he carries a great deal of Docity, egh — under that Cloak there. *Kecks*

*Pr.* So, his joy for his Monkey and the laſt Bumper together, have almoſt foxt him ; 'twou'd be pleaſant to ſee him and his Wife when they meet now. *King.*

*King.* Pleaſant, 'twou'd be an admirable Scene for a Comedy.

*Dor.* See, he's going to take t'other Bumper upon't.

*Bert.* He will be more drunk for joy of his Monkey, den he vas when Peace vas proclaim.

*Dor.* Ay, or at the ſafe return of the *Smirna* Fleet, tho he had never ſo great a ſhare in't. So, Sir, by your ſmiling I ſee you like my project.

*Min H.* Like it! I cou'd kiſs thee, faith and troth; but ſtay, where ſhall get I this Monkey? hum —— Oh, Odsears, well remembred, my Niece has a rare one, which ſhe keeps up always privately for her own diverſion, that ſhall be it faith, and I'll go get it inſtantly, for I'm reſolv'd to have my Bond again. Dear Brother, I thank thee once more heartily for thy project, and your good Lordſhip for my Treat. And ſo, egh —— but hold, my Lord, my Lord, one Glaſs more faith, here's— egh —— my Neices Monkey's health, my Lord. *Drinks.*

*Prince.* Oh, with all my heart Sir, and to the reſt of your Relations, if you pleaſe, Mr Burgo maſter.

*Min H.* And ſo ſit ye merry; I am egh— almoſt drunk faith. Odseares if I light on *Aminky* now ſhe's a miſerable Jade, ſnick me. *Exit.*

*Bert.* Ha, ha, ha, ha—now he's gon vee ſall loſe de ver fine humeur, ſneeka me.

*Dor.* And ſnick me, now he's gone too, there lyes my Merchandize. *Throws off the Cloak.*

*Enter Waiter.*

*Waiter.* My Lord, the Muſick your Lordſhip order'd wait below to know your pleaſure.

*Prince.* Let 'em come up. Come Gentlemen we'll have a Song.

## *The New Reformation.* A Song.

I.

*NEw Reformation begins through the Nation*
*And our grumbling Sages, in hopes of good wages,*
*Direct us the way.*
*Sons of the Muſes, then Cloak your Abuſes;*
*And leſt you ſhould trample on Pious Example,*
*Obſerve, and Obey.*
*Time-frenzy Curers,*
*And ſtubborn Non-Jurors,*
*For want of Employment, now ſo urge the lewd times:*

*They've*

*They've hinted, they've Printed,*
*Our vein is, Prophaneneſs,*
*The worſt of all Crimes;*
*Dull Clod-pated Ralliers,*
*Smiths, Cobblers and Colliers,*
*Have damn'd all our Rhimes.*

II.

*Under the notion of zeal for Devotion,*
*The humour has fir'd em, or rather inſpir'd 'em*
*To Tutor the Age:*
*But if in ſeaſon, you'd know the true reaſon,*
*The hopes of Preferment is what makes ſome Vermin*
*Now Rail at the Stage.*
*Cuckolds and Canters,*
*With Scruples and Banters,*
*Th' Old Forty One peal againſt Poetry ring.*
*But let State revolvers,*
*And* Treaſon-Abſolvers,
*Excuſe if I ſing*
*The Scoundrel that chooſes*
*To cry down the Muſes,*
*Would cry down the King.*

*A Dance.*

*Prince.* D'ye hear Muſick, flouriſh all when I drink this health, To the Great Umpire of Chriſtendom, Genius of the War, and all our brave Confederate Princes; Saviour of our Lives, Honours, Liberties and Eſtates; and eternally renown'd Procurer, Finiſher, and Protector of our glorious Peace, his Sacred Majeſty of *Great Britain.* *Drinks, and Muſick flouriſh.*

*Bert.* May he be dam dat refuſe I ſay, Morbleau.

*Dor.* Nay Marqui this is not all yet, the next muſt be your Maſters health, the Moſt Chriſtian King, then our Miſtreſſes, and then——

*King.* To reel into a Chair, Collonel, that's the next then I'm ſure. But now ye talk of Miſtreſſes, harkee, does the Intreague I know of hold to night, are the hundred Goldfinches to fly?

*Dor.* Love will oblige me to fly thither, but I hope her generoſity will ſpare the reſt, for all my jeſting; however, I'm reſolv'd to offer the hundred.

*Prince.* Nay Gad if you offer the hundred, 'tis a hundred to one but ſhe'll reſolve to take 'em.

*Bert.* Pardeu ſhe be dam Jilt dat take de hunder Piſtole from de Collonel, be who ſhe vill; do I know her?

*Dor.* Faith I can't tell; but if you do, I'm ſure I don't; for I never ſo much as ask'd her name; but ſhe's pretty as an Angel, and witty as 'tis poſſible; and if ſhe has an ingredient of old Satan mixt with theſe, and is mercenary, ſhe only runs the riſque of my hate after the buſineſs is over; but for the preſent I have no forecaſt.

*Bert.* Ah, ſhe vill be ſhenerous no doubt, and ſo I viſh de bon paſtime wid all min heart, ha, ha, ha, dear Collonel.

*Enter* Bondevelt *and Waiter.*

*Bond.* Stay friend, I think it moſt proper to ſend my Complement to the Prince before I enter, having been ſo fatigu'd with buſineſs, that I could not wait on him here at dinner, in compliance to his generous invitation—— Ay, do ſo friend, prithee go to him, and preſent my moſt humble——

*Wait.* Sir, you ſhould have told me before; y'are in the very Room now, and yonder the Prince ſits amongſt the reſt of the company.

*Bond.* Odſo, he's in the right —Well, ſay nothing then. [*Sees* Dorange.] Heavens ——is it poſſible, ſure my eyes are not defective! is not that yonder that impudent Footman with 'em, that I lately found ſo familiar with *Angellica*? It is, it muſt be he, and laughing and prating like a Companion.

*Dor.* Prithee, my Lord, reach the Glaſs; I'll begin another health.

*Bond.* Impudent Dog! he'll begin another health! Why, what a ſhame is this, when Noblemen debaſe themſelves to mix with Grooms and Vaſſals: Bleſs me, what will this world come to—— I'll introduce my ſelf——— My good Lord.

*Prince.* Oh Mr Preſident your humble Servant. I wanted ye extremely at Dinner, but your perpetual buſineſs debars your friends ſtill of their expectations.

*Bond.* My Lord, your Lordſhips command to me is always buſineſs. Ah Sir ——(*To* Kinglove, *puſhing* Dorange *away.*) Prithee fellow give way, I am glad to ſee you in the Prince's company.

*King.* What, is he drunk? *To* Bertran.

*Bert.* I canno tell; I wondra de Collonel noe give him one grand kick, morbleau.

*Bond.* And harkee, if occaſion will permit—— *whiſpers* King.

*Dor.* He takes me for a Footman. *Softly to the Prince.* Pray carry it ſo that I may paſs for one, there's an admirable deſign in't, which you ſhall know hereafter.

*Prince.* Enough, it ſhall be done. *Whiſpers the reſt.*

*King.* I have it.

*Bert.* Ha, ha, ha,——— oh 'tis ver well. *Aſide.*

*Bond.*

*Bond.* Now my good Lord, when goes your Lordſhip for *Holland.*

*Prince.* Not till Winter, Sir; I intend firſt to wait upon King *William* in *England*, Sir——you may vail your Bonnet now if you pleaſe, you'll be taken for my Bed-fellow anon elſe.

*Throws off* Dorange's *Hat.*

*Bond.* Proſper me, my Lord, I had taken him for ſuch indeed, but that I know him.

*Prince.* Ah, 'tis a Gentleman that gives us ſometimes the favour of his Company —— he pays his Club here —— ha, ha, ha.

*Berr.* Ha, ha, ha, ha. ——

*Bond.* Oh your Lordſhip's merry —— I ſee now this was only allowance, a frollickſome humour to make mirth, and yet had I juſt now a meſſage from *Angellica*, full of ſeeming wonder, that I ſhould miſtake his quality ſo, he coming there as ſuch a one, and by my intereſt; I know not what ſhe means, but am reſolved I'll carry him to her, and there his quality will be proved. *Apart.*

*Pr.* I hear amongſt the reſt of the news, that fame is proud of, that your worthineſs has a deſign to marry.

*Dor.* Ay gad, and I hear 'tis to a particular acquaintance and intimate friend of mine.

*Bond.* Scoundrel —— proſper me, but now this fellow begins to be too ſawcy, I fear he will put me into a paſſion. *To* King.

*King.* Faith, Sir, he's thus free with us all, he makes no diſtinctions, 'tis his humour.

*Bond.* 'Tis an undecent humour, and were I to converſe much with the Prince, I would argue him out of it. There is one of your Country Proverbs, which I remember, very pertinent to this purpoſe, which is, Play with a fool at home, and he'll play with you in the Market place. I think it wants no application: Not but I can wink at his folly my ſelf now, having ſome preſent buſineſs with him —— Doſt hear, fellow? *To* Dorange.

*Dor.* Very well, fellow.

*Bond.* Audacious Rogue. *To the Prince*

*Pr.* Ay, he's a very ſtrange fellow, that's the truth on't.

*Bond.* Well, I know thee, and anſwer as thou pleaſeſt, ſo thou wilt do me one piece of ſervice. 'Tis this, that thou wilt go with me inſtantly to viſit the Lady I found thee at Cards with yeſterday, for a private reaſon known only to my ſelf, and I will give thee ſomething to pay thy club hereafter with men of quality.

*Dor.* I'll do it, and will it ſpend afterwards upon thee in what liquor thou lik'ſt, Bully Rock. *Strikes him on the back.*

*Bond.* Ha, ha, ha, ha. *They all laugh.*

*Dor.* Ha, ha, ha, ha —— This is as I could wiſh, for I have been deny'd entrance lately, and long to know the reaſon. *Aſide.*

*Bond.* My Lord and Gentlemen, I hope you will honour me with your preſence, I know ye are all admirers of fine Ladies, and I'll beg your opinions of this.

*Om.* With all our hearts, Sir.

*Bond.* I'll ſhame her before all the world. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Min H.* Tomas *Drunk, with a Monkey.*

*Min H.* Come pug —— egh, come along, by thy notable aſſiſtance, and my —— egh, potable endeavours, I make no doubt but to make a fool of my Wife, therefore thus I embrace thee —— I find now 'tis true as the old ſaying is, that 'tis good to have a friend in a corner, and in the Chimney-corner I found thee, the beſt friend I ever had in my life, ſnick me, for thou canſt cunjure out the Devil that poſſeſſes Wedlock, and let the poor Vermin feed at eaſe that's inclos'd ——— egh —— in the Conjugal Mouſe-trap. Why how now, Pug—thou laugh'ſt to hear me call't a Mouſe-trap — Very well, Monkey-face, thou wouldeſt not be ſo merry if thou wer't married, for I tell thee, for all thy grinning, 'tis a Mouſe-trap, a very Mouſe-trap, and not only ſo, but often baited with damn'd mouldy Cheeſe, that choaks a man into the bargain.

*Enter* Angellica.

*Ang.* Lord, Unkle, the priviledge you give the Preſident will bring us into a ſtrange premunire preſently, if my Aunt knows it, for he's coming yonder with a whole Train of Gentlemen after him. What he intends, I know not, but I'm ſure my Aunt watches perpetually to ſee who comes in, and if ſhe finds 'em here we ſhall have a horrible Houſe.

*Min H.* Oh, I warrant thee, Niece, I warrant thee, here are ſome that ſhall be nameleſs—as egh——horrible as herſelf, that ſhall make their Party good with her, I warrant ye; but in the firſt place, prithee lend me thy Keys, to lock my reliever here into the Cloſet, that I may have him forthcoming upon occaſion, and then I defy thy Aunt, egh——and all her Imps, ſnick me.

*Locks in the Monkey.*

*Enter* Bondevelt, *Prince*, Dorange, Bertran, Kinglove, *and* Guſſet.

*Bond.* Madam, you ſent me an account to day by your Chamber-diligence there of this moſt renown'd perſon, (*Bowing to* Dorange.) both a ſpecimen of his Character, and an affirmative of

of his Quality, to ſhade no doubt from my ſhallow underſtanding, the intimacy I ſaw between ye yeſterday. My viſit to your Ladyſhip therefore now is, to confirm before your Unkle, and the Company here, your honourable proceedings, and admirable choice of a Play fellow.

*Ang.* Sir, you will do very well to confirm it, for my own part I ſhall not repent of my proceedings, till I have a worſe account of my Play fellow.

*Dor.* Sir, tho you wear no Sword, I ſhall borrow one for ye, if your buſy head vent any thing reflecting on my honour.

*Bond.* The old impudence — his honour — my Lord did your Highneſs hear him, — ha, ha, ha, — his honour.

*Pr.* Ha, ha, ha — ay, Sir, he holds it up ſtill.

*King.* A ſtrange odd fellow, Sir, he'll diſgrace ye before your Miſtreſs, if you han't a care.

*Bond.* Oh, that's impoſſible — if my word were invalid, you can give her knowledge enough of him.

*Bert.* Yes, yes, if ſhe would know his merit or qualities — we can do him ver good juſtice.

*Bond.* Mr Burgo-maſter, you once thought me worthy of a favour from your Niece, but ſhe has ſince thought better of that lac'd Coat there, than my civil Robe. Pray look on your Nephew that is to be, dee know him. *They ſtare at one another.*

*Min H.* Odſears, who have we here, egh — why what my Brother Sprat Merchant of *Peru*, what are ye come to put off your Oleaginous Ware to my Niece, dreſs'd like a confounded Soldade, humh?

*Dor.* A plague of his memory, I thought he had been too drunk to diſtinguiſh now; no faith, Sir, I only come to know if you remembered the Monkey.

*Min H.* Ay, ay, ye cunning thief, egh — I do remember it, and do you remember too, that your project for me then has brought ye off the danger of your project upon my Niece now. We have Horſe ponds and Blankets for Fortune-ſtealers, ye cunning Dog.

*Bond.* What, the Coat is known then, 'tis reaſonable the AmbaſſadorsLivery ſhould be familiar here.

*Min H.* The Ambaſſadors Livery, oons 'tis the Devils Livery, a Soldiers.Pox on thee, put it off, egh — gad I can't abide to look on't, and prithee be as thou art, a Merchant of true blue Proteſtant Sprats, monopoliz'd to thy ſelf from *Coquimbo*, *Copiago*, *Porto Bello*, and the Devil knows where.

*Bond.* What in the name of Myſtery does he mean? he muſt needs know his Nephews Footman.

*Ang.*

*Ang.* A Merchant in that dreſs, what Riddle's this, my Lord you can inform us I'm ſure, he's your acquaintance.

*Pr.* He is ſo, Madam, and when he thinks it convenient, we are ready to expound his Myſtery.

*King.* There are ſome people above the vulgar, that may own him without ſcandal.

*Bert.* Yes, truly, I have ſeen him ſit wid his Hat on among ver good Shentlemen.

*Bond.* Enigma's ſtill more riddling — ſure this is not the Czar of *Muſcovy* diſguis'd, that they make ſuch caution of diſcovering him — oh here comes one I'm ſure will unravel all.

*Enter* Anniky.

*Ann.* So, Niece, is this your compliance to your Brother's Authority and my Commands — hah, but I know this is not ſo much your doings, as Sir *Aſſinego*'s there — What is your Article with me out of date already, friend — Have you forgot *Tamarlana*'s power, and your horrid Oaths to encourage no mans coming here without my knowledge — 'tis very well I'll, have a Bone for you to pick preſently, you ſhall gnaw for this as I'm a Calviniſt.

*Min H.* The Jade has a Piſtol in her pocket now I know, but I'll keep the wind of her till the Company's gone, and I can get Pug out, and then I defy her, ſnick me. (*Exit.*)

*Ann.* Gentlemen, pray what buſineſs have you here with my Neice, for I muſt tell ye, till I know it, and you make an intereſt with me you are not welcome, this Gentleman indeed has my ſuffrage by vertue of his merit, and this Bond here, but you, if you come by another authority, may walk out, ſhe ſhall hear nothing from ye.

*Bond.* Madam, my Lord and theſe Gentlemen came at my requeſt to diſcover a new Suitor of your Niece's: Here Monſieur *Enigma*, but ſince I find them ſhy of it, I deſire the favour from you; pray what is this doubty perſon, Madam?

*Ann.* Hey day, why who's here, the High and Mighty Signior *Stitchwell*, Viſcount *Bodkin*, and Baron *Thimble*. Why how now, Sirrah, what Roguery are you deſigning in this dreſs? hah.

*Dor.* So, ſhe thinks ſhe has ſtitch'd me too. *Aſide.*

*Bond.* The Lady there affirms he's a perſon of quality, pray let his qualities be made publick. Come, pray declare, Madam---- What is he?

*Ann.* What is he, why he is a Taylor.

*Pr. K.* & *Bert.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha *Loudly.*

*Ann.* A whimſical, unthrifty, Maggot-pated Raſcal, that has put on

on ſome Officers Clothes, that's his Cuſtomer, only that he might brag that once in his life time he lookt like a Gentleman. What ſay you, Sir *Chriſtopher Croſsleg*, are not you a Taylor?

*Dor.* No.

*Ann.* Why ye nitty, ſpindle ſhank'd, white liver'd, oyly-fiſted, botcherly Cuckold, did not I ſee you with my Niece's Stayes in her Chamber to day?

*Dor.* Yes.

*Ann.* And have you the impudence then, Sirrah, to ſay you are no Taylor; if not, what Trade are ye, and be hang'd?

*Dor.* A Cuckold maker.

*Ann.* Oh rare *Tom Thimble*, here is an impudent Raſcal for ye.

*Bond.* This is more intricate ſtill, I can't underſtand either of 'em. Harkee, come hither, did not you bring me a Letter lately for which I gave you Money, Sir.

*Dor.* Yes, Sir.

*Bond.* Very well, Sir, and are not you one of the Ambaſſadors Retinue, a Footman, Sir?

*Dor.* No, Sir.

*Bond.* What a Devil art thou then?

*Dor. Miſanthropos*——I hate impertinent Mankind—This Madam may ſatisfy you, pray [*gives* Angellica *a Ring.*] give it to your little one to play with. (*Aſide.*) But if you muſt know more, Sir, for once, let theſe Philoſophers expound me.

*King.* Why then, Sir, in a word, he'is a Collonel of Horſe, his Name is *Dorange*, a Gentleman of a very ancient Family, Sir *William Dorange*'s Son of *Norfolk*.

*Ang.* What do I ſee, by Heaven, the very Ring I gave the Author of my once forfeited honour,——oh I faint. [Guſſet *leads her off.*]

*Dor.* The reſt you ſhall know hereafter: and then perhaps the Gentleman, Lacquey, Sprat-Merchant and Taylor, may be qualified, if affronted to pull you by the Noſe, Sir, [*to* Bond.] I muſt now follow my Love affair, I find by my Watch my intrigue with my beauteous unknown is to be within this half hour, I am a Rogue for leaving this in ſuch a confuſion, but t'other is ſuch a darling Temptation, that I cannot avoid, tho I repent all my Life after, [*apart, and Exit.*]

*Prince.* You know where I lodge Collonel, if any thing happens, Command my Sword and ſervice,

*King.* And mine—Come Monſieur Marqui, ſhall we ſet you down?

*Bert.*

*Bert.* No Sire, I tank you I am oblige anoder way upon one grand affair. *(Exeunt*

*Bond.* I am amaz'd, and I fear fool'd into the bargain, but I muſt have the reſt on't, for to know this, and no more ſets me on the Rack.

*Ann.* I'll after and piece up the matter, for I find here has been plaguy tricks and contrivances, but I'll have no private doings with my Niece without me, I'll not give up that authority however.

*Enter Min Heer* Tomas, *with a Monkey.*

*Min H.* But you ſhall.

*Ann.* Oh the Devil the Devil—oh, oh,— [*falls into a Chair.*

*Min H.* Why lookee, the Truth is—here is the Devil——and egh, there is his Dam, and when I've lock'd the door I intend to make ye better acquainted.

*Ann.* Oh dear Husband, dear Husband, put it out of the Room, or I ſhan't live three minutes.

*Min H.* I dont care three Stivers, if thou doſt not live, egh — one.

*Ann.* Dear Husband.

*Min.* Husband, ſnick me, ſuch another word as that, and I'll whiſper in's Ear, to go and give thee a Buſs—— Husband, egh--- ye ſawcy Gil-flirt —— no, my name ſhall be *Don Dominario*, from my ſubjecting and making truckle under me a Devil of a Wife, and ſo to take ſtate accordingly. Riſe, and give your Betters place, Huſſy. *Goes and ſits with the Monkey in the Chair, ſhe ſtarts out.*

*Ann.* Ay withal my heart moſt noble Husband *Dominario* I mean, is there no way to get out, oh how I tremble. *(aſide.)*

*Min H.* Now lookee, tho my Friend Pug here asks ye no queſtions, 'tis not egh for want of copious capacity, but to egh eaſe himſelf, and therefore leaves ye wholly to my examination, upon which he will chatter his judgment,——come, what have you to ſay for your ſelf,—what you are a Heteroclite I ſuppoſe now?

*Ann.* I am ſo.

*Min H.* Good, come then, now in your own words muſter up your offences with an audible voice; egh — come explain your ſelf, and begin your moſt notorious miſdemeanor in Wedlock, to which purpoſe own firſt, that ſeveral times on ſeveral occaſions you have properly deſerv'd egh ——to have your bones broke.

*Ann.* I do ſo *(ſobbing.)*

*Min H.* Good agen, well now go on to the reſt, and leave blubbering and ſcrewing your face, you had beſt, for if Pug ſhould ſee that, he'd think you were making faces at him, and fly at ye like

like a Devill —— ſnick me, therefore own, own quickly.

*Ann.* Oh——gad, what ſhall I do, this is intollerable, why I do own, I do own, that when we firſt married, I was in Love with another man, and that upon the wedding Night I would have made ye a Cuckold but I could not. *(Sobbing.)*

*Min H.* Like a notorious Jilt as I was.

*Ann.* Like a notorious Jilt as I was.

*Min H.* So proceed, Odſears I have her at a rare advantage. *aſide.*

*(ſtrokes Pug.*

*Ann.* That my not trying other men ſince, to get me an heir was not for want of my inclination but theirs, and the leſs grift was brought to the Mill, the more ſtill I put you to hard Labour.

*Min H.* For which I deſerve to be hang'd.

*Ann.* For which I deſerve to be hang'd. *(ſobbing.*

*Min H.* In my Garters at my own door.

*Ann.* In my Garters at my own door.. *(crying out.*

*Min H.* Right, and that I did inſolently plunder my Lord and Maſter *Dominario* aforeſaid, of a Bond and Aſſignment of three thouſand Pounds, which I now beſeech him upon my knees to receive agen,—and pardon me,——Come out with't, and inſtantly, or here's one ſhall fetch 'em out of your Pocket, ſnick me.

*Ann.* Oh, which here upon my knees, I give him agen, [*throws the Papers.*] and the Devil do him good with 'em, oh, I'm at my witts end.

*Min H.* Oh, you Servant good *Anniky*, and now you may go if you pleaſe, about your buſineſs, and brag what a [*gives the Key.*] doodle and Aſſinego you made of me, ha, ha, ha, but hold well remembred faith, let me ſee, turn out your Pocket before you go, let me ſee whither your Gun-room be clear, have ye no Fire Arms about ye.

*Ann.* Only this which I was going to throw away indeed Husband. *(pulls out a Piſtol, beſtarts*

*Min H.* A Piſtol, away with it ye Devil inſtantly, or I'll bring Pug to bed to thee to Night—Ah ye Cockatrice, *(ſhe throws it away.* ye Crockadile were ye ſtealing away with that indeed,—'tis well I had a memory ſhe'd have had my Papers agen before morning elſe, as ſoon as ever I had parted with my ſecond here, I had been challeng'd for 'em at Sword and Piſtol.

*Ann.* Curſe on him, if he had not found out this Monſter to plague me, I had kept him always under, but now he has me at his beck, and may do what he will, which to a Wife, that has before been always uppermoſt, is in-ſupportable [*weeps.*] 'tis a ſad Story, but 'tis true, for I can no more indure the ſight

of that odious Devil above here, than I could of the t'other below, as I am a Calviniſt. *Exit.*

*Min H.* So, here they are once more, ha, ha, ha, this makes me merry, and now thanks to my dear releiver, — come Buſs Buſs. *(kiſſes: he Monkey.*

*Enter* VanScopen.

*Van Sco.* Sir there's great News ſince you were below Stairs, my Maſter the Ambaſſador is newly return'd, and juſt gone up into his Siſters Chamber.

*Min H.* Odſears, he muſt not know of my Agreement with the Preſident till I have made ſure of the Money — egh — well I'll go to him, come dear Friend let's along, Buſs, Buſs. *Exit.*

*Enter* Marſcarillo *haſtily.*

*Van Sco.* How now Brother in iniquity, what in haſte?

*Maſc.* Yes faith, like a Pot that's boyling over, is my Maſter here.

*Van Sco.* No, gone ſome time ſince, and I think he ſaid out of Town, why what's the matter?

*Marc.* Matter? why the great matter of the world, ye Raſcal, matter of Hornifying ye Scoundrel.

*Van Sco.* What, the Collonel reſolves then to anſwer her Challenge; and wilt thou betray 'em, Rogue? — Wilt thou ſpoyl ſport?

*Maſc.* Why, ye unconſcionable Rogue, wou'd you have me Pimp for nothing; 'Sdeath ſhe's as niggardly as a Uſuring Jew, her Soul lives in an Alley, and gad if ſhe were a Cherubim I'd betray her if ſhe has no ſenſe to reward Diligence — Yonder they are faith — cloſe as Pigeons, and I am going to bring my Maſter to breakfaſt on 'em.

*Van Sco.* There will be ſome bluſtring in our family too now the Ambaſſador's come home; I believe the Preſident will be routed when the Father of the Kid's known.

*Maſc. Angellica* deſerves to be befriended becauſe ſhe's generous; but my covetous Devil at home lets Money ſtick to her fingers like Bird-lime; there's no getting it from 'em; ſhe thinks ſhe's ſecure of him till to morrow noon, but I know where he's gone, and will ferret him away faith — he'll reward me with a Piece or two I'm ſure.

*Van Sc.* What curſt unhappy hours does he behold,
Who to be prov'd a Cuckold pays his Gold?

*Maſc.* On t'other ſide how wiſely Gold is paid
To one well gifted in the Pimping Trade:
'Tis Art ſublime — for as a learned Poet ſaid,
Pimping the Mind inures, and does prepare
For Politicks, as Hunting does for War. *Exeunt.*

ACT

# ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter* Don Leon *and* Angellica.

*D. Leon.* YOu are then aſſur'd 'twas he.

*Ann.* I can't miſtake, Sir, this Ring he gave me, which I know was mine, and by him taken from me that fatal Night, beſides his Stature and his Tone of Voyce, tho the Small-pox have altered much his features, and his hair then wore uncut chang'd for a Peruke, confirm him for the Man.

*D. Leon.* And Siſter did he make ſuch haſte out d'e ſay, when he had ſhewn this Ring?

*Ang.* Vaniſh'd immediately, e're I had time to rally my loſt Spirits, ſunk in a ſwoon at ſuch unlook'd ſurprize, he diſappear'd, leaving only theſe few words ſoftly with the Ring, this Madam may ſatisfy you, pray give it to your little one to play with.

*D. Leon.* How ſhould he know of that?

*Ang.* I cannot gueſs what way, unleſs the Nurſe be falſe.

*D. Leon.* Furies and Fire, give it your little one, that looks all inſolence, neglect and ſcorn, as if he brav'd ye with his lucky Treachery, or as ye, ſince were ſerv'd ſo by ſome other.

*Ang.* I could not underſtand him, I confeſs and had no time to Argue.

*D. Leon.* I'll find time, and force his beſt occaſions to wait on it, to make him clear the blot that ſtains my Honour, or in his luſtful heart imprint my wrongs, ſo deep that all our Family ſhall read 'em, and own I have reveng'd an injur'd Siſter.

*Ang.* Oh, if you ever lov'd me, deareſt Brother, add not to my misfortune by a greater, endangering your ſelf in any quarrel, there are much milder ways.

*D. Leon.* I'll warrant thee I'll uſe 'em,—I'll find out *Bertran*, by him ſend a Letter to *Dorange*, then as he anſwers nobly I'll proceed. [*apart.*]

If reaſon juſtly can delay the Fight,
'Tis well, if not my Sword ſhall do me right. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter* Dorange *unbotton'd, and Madam la Marquiſe in a Night dreſs. A Table and dreſſing box by.*

*Mad.* I wonder where this lazy fellow is, ſome body has been knocking at the Gate this good while; ſtay here, dear Sir, a little till I go and ſee, I'l be with ye inſtantly, I know my Husband is ſecure till noon, and you ſhan't go yet I am reſolv'd. Indeed 'tis too early, (*Exit Madam.*

*Dor.* Too early did ſhe ſay, to go —— rather too late that I repent my coming, now things are weigh'd in juſt conſideration —— What a vile Creature is ungovern'd man, when meerly his own natural heat can change him into a fulſome Idiot. I have left now the fair *Angellica*, half dead with doubts; nay, and two thouſand pound a year in *Poſſe*, to give a hundred Piſtoles to a Jilt for one nights Lodging, for whieu —— 'tis gone —— y'are paid, and ſhake your empty Pockets. Am not I then an Idiot? Faith Collonel *Coddle*, I am afraid you are. Beſides, *Angellica* was beautiful as an Angel —— but then the Child, that is indeed a Thorn which pricks with jealouſy; but why ſhould I ſuſpect it is not mine, 'tis likely and reaſonable, and conſequently her Eſtate mine too by owning it-and yet I've am left her; Idiot, Idiot ſtill. As for this Creature, now my judgment's cool, my Tongue cannot expreſs how much I hate her. And yet the Jilt is pretty too, but mercenary to ſuch degree, ſhe'd kiſs for Gold a *Negro*, and get a Brat to make the Devil a Page of. When I firſt gave my Purſe, fooliſhly thinking ſhe would refund two thirds back, if not all, no juggler ever play'd his Cups and Balls with ſuch a ſlight paſs, *preſto* —— it was gone, at which my heart gave me ſo ſtrange a thump, as if 'twere coming to my head to break it, or rail at me for my egregious folly —— humh —— let me think, with what was in that Purſe, and little more, a Man might buy a Houſe, with Acres and a pretty Orchard to't, to live in *Freſco*, at —— A hundred Piſtoles, 'twould buy a Horſe to charge againſt the *Turks*, break through their Ranks, and trample down a Baſſa. 'Twould do a hundred things —— indeed any thing —— And what have you done with it, Collonel —— Nothing. You have play'd a game at Hide and Seek with it, and now can neither find that nor yourſelf. A hundred Piſtoles —— well, here, here, they lie. This Box (*takes up the Dreſſing Box.*) contains the treaſure of my folly —— hah —— if e're you could diſpence with plunder, Collonel, what think ye now —— But ſee, that very word, like ſome great charm, has drawn her Carcaſs up to look out for her Soul.

Re-

*Re-enter Madam in haſte.*

*Mad.* Oh dear Colonel, I am at my wits end, this idle fellow is gone out, no one knows where, and my Husband, unlook'd for, coming back, has been knocking at the Gate this half hour, the Maid's juſt gone to let him in.

*Dor. (Sings.)* A hundred pound in Gold, a luſty Purſe indeed.

*Mad.* Oh for Heaven's ſake, dear Sir, get into that Cloſet immediately, and I'll contrive to get him away as ſoon as I can—— Bleſs me, how you ſtand——'Dſlife if ye don't go in quickly he'll come and catch ye.

*Dor. (Sings.)* A luſty Purſe indeed.
Did e're ſo much in ſo ſhort time, from one poor Cully bleed.

*Mad.* Lord, Sir, what dee mean? is this a time for tuning, why my Husband's juſt coming up ſtairs. *Goes to the Stairs.*

*Dor.* Gad I've a great mind to ſtay and ſee who this Cuckold is, then ſtand buff to him, and try to take my Money again, but it may be ſhe'll get him off quickly, and give me new occaſion to make her compound. I'll try her once more. *Exit into the Cloſet.*

*Enter* Bertram *and* Maſcarillo.

*Bert.* Good morr, Madam, you riſe ver early dis morning.

*Mad.* Ah my dear, you know I can never ſleep ſoundly when you are out of the way, but I confeſs I did not expect ye home quite ſo ſoon.

*Maſc.* That I dare ſwear you did not, nor deſire it neither. *Aſide.*

*Mad.* Has any extraordinary buſineſs happen'd my dear?

*Bert.* Yes, yes, ver extraordinary buſineſs.

*Mad.* Come, I know ye have brought me the money now, I'm ſure you have.

*Bert.* Yes, yes, widout doubt, you will be paid for your great kindneſs.

*Mad.* Prithee what buſineſs Child, I am one half of ye, ye know, and I can't reſt till I know what accidents happen'd to t'other. *Claps his Cheek.*

*Maſc.* Ah, very pretty wheedle, coakes him there—— Now would I ſwear by this ſhe had certainly made him a Cuckold, tho I had known nothing of the matter. (Bert. *peeps about the Room.*

*Mad.* What is't you look for, my dear.

*Bert.* Vor de Birds neſt, but gazoon, I perveave dey be all fledge and flown away.

*Maſc.* Into the Cloſet there, Sir, no further; ſearch there and you may find one with his Feathers on, I warrant ye.

*Mad.*

*Mad.* That Villain has undone me, what ſhall I do. *Aſide.*

*Bert.* Come, Madam, let me ſee de Key, dere is one Papier dat I muſt have preſantlee, dat concern me ver much.

*Mad.* The Key indeed, Sir, the Key, the Key, the Key is loſt; Sir, I am juſt ſending to have another made, you may have it at night, Sir.

*Bert.* At Night, oh ver good, you are vor de Night work ſtill Madam, but I have now occaſion vor de day, de Sun ſall ſhine upon your grand grand vertue, vertue, dat is you ſay of ſuch pure Nature, it ne're was tainted yet wid one bad Tought, vertue as white as down of Swan or Ermine ſall glitter in de day light, hey Sirrah, go take de Fork from de Shimmine aud breaka open de door.

*Maſ.* Yes Sir, gad I'll deſire my Maſter to let me be at board wages for the time to come, I ſhall have my Meat ſawc'd with Ratsbane elſe, I ſee by her looks—come let's ſee, [*gets a Fork.*] what conceal'd Vermin is here that's eating my Maſters Cheeſe.

[*Thumps at the door to open it and* Dorange *ſpeaks,*

Dor. *within.)* Dee hear there, who dares to touch the door once more to open it is a Dead Man that minute.

*Bert.* Hah vat is dat.

*Maſc.* Oh Lord dee hear Sir,—there's one within ſays, he that touches the Door to open it, is a dead Man.

*Bert.* Ver good, dere is ſome body den, who is it in de name of vertue, I beſeech you Madam?

*Mad.* Indeed Sir ſome Thief I'm afraid, that has had ſome private notice of my Jewels that are there.

Dor. *within.)* I have a Piſtol charg'd in one hand, and a good Sword in t'other, therefore keep off. [Maſcarillo *lets the Fork fall, and ſtarts.*

*Bert.* Hugh, wat do he ſay?

*Maſc.* He ſays he has a Piſtol charg'd in one hand, and a good Sword in t'other.

*Bert.* Vell, vell, dat is not matra Morbleau, ſo have I, go Sirrah and bid him come out, and if he can ſhew de reaſon how he deſerve it I will give him de Shentleman ſatisfaction fairly, tell him dat Sirrah.

*Maſc.* Oh but I am ſenſible Sir, the man has a ſpite againſt me, and will aim at my Guts through the Key-hole, beſides you know Sir, your Worſhip is much better arm'd. Good Sir, walk a little nearer your ſelf, you may hear what he ſays plainly, Sir.

*Bert.* Dog, Coward, look you to her den. *Goes near the door.*

*Maſc.*

*Maſc.* With all my heart, Sir. Gadzooks I ſhall be ſtabb'd what a look was there again.

*Mad.* Infamous ſlave! have I honour'd thee with ſmiles, and given thee ſo many kind words for this. *Apart.*

*Maſc.* What a pox was I the better for your ſmiles or words, you never gave me a farthing of Money; and pray what's the place of a Pimp good for, without the perquiſites, therefore in ſhort, Madam, for what has happen'd thank your ſelf. *Apart.*

*Mad.* Sordid Raſcal, I ſhall find a time ——

*Dor.* [*Within.*] So ho, without there, will you give me leave to ſpeak to the matter fairly.

*Bert.* Ay, ay, you ſall have leave, ſpeak on.

*Dor.* Let the Husband of the Lady approach then to hear me.

*Bert.* Vell, vell, he does approach.

*Dor.* Firſt then, as I am a Gentleman, which let him aſſure himſelf I am, I am utterly ignorant of his Name or Quality, nor had I ever been familiar with the Lady, but by her conſent and invitation.

*Mad.* Horrid detraction, Sir, I hope you won't give credit to what an impudent Thief ſays, that has broke into your houſe.

*Bert.* Patience, Madam, Patience, your Virtue vill cleer all dis I make no doubt.

*Mad.* Now will this Traitor, becauſe I took his Money a little, ungeneroũſly tell all, this is an *Engliſh* man right.

*Dor. (Within.)* But accidentally ſeeing her, and being charm'd with her Beauty, I could not help ſaying aloud, I'd give a hundred Piſtoles for a nights Lodging; ſhe over-hearing me lik'd the Propoſal, and ſent me a Letter of Challenge by a truſty Footman of yours, who might, if he pleas'd, have inform'd you before, and hinder'd all.

*Bert.* Haw Raſcal, is dis true? *To* Maſc.

*Maſ.* O Lord, Sir, I was reſolv'd to be ſure, Sir: why I could not ſwear 'twas true, Sir, till I was ſure.

*Bert.* Oh dam Rogue, he let me be make de Cuckold dat he might be ſure.

*Maſc.* Gad I begin to wiſh I had not meddled in the matter, that little Witch there has given me a Spell, I ſhall hedge my ſelf into beating on my Conſcience.

*Bert.* Vell, Sir, proceed.

*Dor. (Within.)* Why, Sir, I receiv'd the Letter, anſwer'd the contents, and came to the appointment, where I had the pleaſure of her Company, and ſhe the benefit of my Money.

*Bert.*

*Bert.* Oh rare virtue, oh fine virtue, virtue more white den Down of Swan or Ermine.

*Mad.* Why thou moſt impudent of Creatures, canſt thou, wilt thou, darſt thou affirm this, haſt thou no remembrance of what I am ——Oh Wretch, doſt thou ever expect ——

*Dor.* (*Within.*) Expect, no, no, Madam, I expect nothing again, faith I give it over for loſt ——Sir, Sir, to prove every tittle of what I ſay is true, you'll find the hundred Piſtoles lock'd up in her Dreſſing Box upon the Table there.

*Mad.* So then, all's out. Oh that I had him but under the miſchief of my Revenge for one hour. Well, if ever I truſt an *Engliſh* man again.

*Maſc.* A hundred Piſtoles, there's high feeding, there's coſtly Mutton for ye, and not one to ſpare me, there's a niggardly Devil too. (*aſide.*

*Bert.* In de Dreſſing box, ver good agen, —— come de Key, Madam de Key, I muſt ſee de inſide of dis box —— nay no ſtruggle. (*goes to ſearch her, and finds none.*

*Mad.* Y'are like to have no Key of me, I've none on't.

Dor. *within.*) 'Tis under the Bolſter.

*Bert.* Rare ſtill, do you know nothing Madam, he widin know ver well your private place, I perceive, lete me ſee. (*goes and finds the Key.*

*Mad.* Confuſion, I ſhall loſe the money too, and conſequently my dear appointment at Baſſet, curſe on him, this is the worſt vexation of all.

*Bert.* Here is de Purſe morbleau, here [*unlocks the Box and takes out the Purſe.*] is de material vor de Baſſet, I find Madam do I wou'd no give you de hunder Piſtole my ſelf, you knew ver well how to take up de Money of anoder, and I ſuppoſe Madam have only pawn vor dis your vertue Madam, or ſome ſuch little trifle, ver fine ſtill,—Come Sire come out, and upon my honour you ſall have vat liberty you deſire. [Dorange *comes out, both ſtart*

*Bert.* Vat de Collonel —— oh Morbleau.

*Dor.* Hah my Friend the Marqui —— Hell and Damnation was ſhe his Wife; what a damn'd chance is this, —— I am ſo confounded with ſhame, I can't ſpeak to him. [*Aſide.*] Generous Sir, [*turning to him.*] aſſure yourſelf I am very much concern'd and aſham'd at what is paſt, and ſhould hardly think my life enough to make ye ſatisfaction, had I not this excuſe, that the offence to your honour was a ſin of ignorance, and the temptation too ſtrong to be refuſed by human frailty.

*Bert.* Sire, I am ver well ſatisfy'd in your caſe, and believe I ſhould have done de ſame my ſelf; and to ſhew you I deſign no-

ting

ting but honour and amity, dere is your Purſe agen, one hunder Piſtole vill ſerve ver well for your ſeif, your Arſe and your Equipage, to appear vor de honour of your King——onely one leetel peice, if you pleaſe, I vill beg here. [*Gives the Collonel the Purſe, but takes out one Piſtole.*

*Dor.* Oh Dear Sir, any thing——take what you pleaſe.

*Bert.* No,no,no more,no more,dear Madam. [*Throws his Wife the Piſtole.* Dere is your Sallery, Dere is your price, dere is one Piſtole for you, viſh is enough for any Lady of your Trade, de Collonel is my friend, and ſall be uſe like my ſelf, I never give my wench more, morbleau.

*Madam.* Then pray give it her now, if you pleaſe; I ſhall endeavour to make my ſelf eaſie without troubling your generoſity. But for you, niggardly Sir, that think you can give too much for a Lady's favour, and for a petty ſumm can blaſt her honour, [*he ſmiles, and takes the Purſe.* take this hearty Curſe, May you be charm'd to doat on ſome She-Devil, Ugly, diſeas'd, yet may ſhe hold ye faſt,
Torment your ſordid Soul, and beggar ye at laſt. *Exit.*

*Bert.* Let her mak noice Collonel, let her make noice, her time is bat ver ſhort here, for gazoon I vill ſend her to one Convent to morr morning——I have tak care of her Bodee to de ſmall purpoſe, I vill try now vat I can do for her Soul——For your part, Collonel, as you are a man of honour, take care of mine——dat is all I ask.

*Dor.* Believe, dear Sir, I'll ſtudy to make ſatisfaction. (*Knock within.*

*Bert.* How now, vat is dat knock? hah. (*Looks out.*) Morbleau, 'tis my friend the Embaſſador newly return'd from *Paris*: Run Raſcal, and open de Gate.

*Maſc.* Ay gad, and glad I'm got off ſo; but I muſt hide my ſelf from my Miſtreſs; for whilſt ſhe's in the houſe I've ne'r a member ſafe about me, that's certain. *Exit.*

*Dor.* So, here's the Embaſſador coming up, the Brother to *Angellica*, whom I baſely wrong'd; and inſtead of righting her, have been ſpending my time here in another lewd frolick, without any honour, juſtice, or conſideration, humh——what can be the end of this? Why we muſt fight; he knows me, and I am ſure is brave enough to right his Siſter: and for my own part, I am ſo angry now at my own miſchiefs, I'll give him all the means I can to puniſh em, and ſo revenge my ſelf upon my ſelf. *Enter* Bertran *and* Don Leon.

*Bert.* Monſieur, beſide my cordial tank vor dis grand honeur of your viſit, I am ver glad de Shentelman is here dat you voud have ſpeak wid——Dere Sire, dere is de wordy Collonel himſelf.

*D. Leon.* You extremely oblige me——Sir, I have ſpent ſome time in ſeeking ye, and have a buſineſs for your private ear. *To* Dorange.

*Dor.* I'm ready to attend ye Sir.

*D. Leon.* Shall I deſire, my good friend——your Garden for us to diſcourſe in a little, the affair ſhall not be long.

*Bert.* Wid all min heart Sir, I beſeech you command any ting. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Garden.* *Enter* Kinglove.

*King.* I hope my intreaguing Collonel has got no miſchief by his bold undertaking, I have been watching about the houſe all this morning, to aſſiſt if 'twere neceſſary, but I find all ſtill as if 'twere midnight: However I'll take another turn or two by *Angellica*'s Lodging, and then if he does not bolt, he's gone another way, and we ſhall meet at our old Rendezvous. *Exit.* *Enter* Don Leon *and* Dorange.

*D. Leon.* Since then you own, Sir, you have wrong'd my Siſter, what way do you propoſe to do her Juſtice?

*Dor.* Sir, as I fear the caſe now ſtands with her, the queſtion puzzles me.

*D. Leon.* Does it ſo, Sir? what reaſon can you give?

*Dor.* Faith Sir, no great one, and yet I think ſufficient to ſtop proceedings in the affair you drive at.

*D. Leon.* Sir, that affair as much exeeeds your hopes, nay, or your merit, when compar'd with hers, that it wou'd leave you friendleſs in the world if you durſt put it to Compariſon.

*Dor.* You have not yet, Sir, try'd how much I dare; but for your Siſter, I have value for her, and therefore ſhall make no Compariſon.

*D. Leon.* Furies! A value for her! Sir, you talk as if you had only heard her touch her Lute, or known her miſtreſs of ſome trivial quality; but I muſt tell ye, Sir, your value for her ſhou'd be Adoration, and for her ſake neglect all the world.

*Dor.* Sir, for her ſake I might do much indeed, but there's another ſince I went that ſhares her; the Riddle is, I know, obſcure to many, but 'tis to me expounded; there has been a Child I hear.

*D. Leon.* Shame to my honour, darſt thou urge my Blood, from my warm Heart to paint my face with bluſhes, by hearing thee ſpeak this, and not fear vengeance, and ſevere chaſtiſement from a wrong'd Brother; by day and night I've heard her hourly vow, when firſt ſhe hid the ſecret in my boſom, that of that Child thou wert the curſed Father; and as I know her full of truth and honour, therefore thy vice is ſtill more black and odious, to foyl a ſecond time her Reputation—— Draw then, I had ſome thought at firſt to bleſs thee with happy means of Reconcilement to her, and given thee by Marriage title to a Fortune, exceeding even the bounds of thy Ambition; but this laſt baſeneſs has revok'd it all, and nothing but thy blood ſhall calm my fury. Give me thy heart.

*Dor.* Much freer than my Sword, Sir. *Fight.* Dorange *is wounded.*

*D. Leon.* That's ſomething; yet I ſee thou'rt not Caſe-harden'd. (*Pauſe.*

*Dor.* No Sir, y'ave found me penetrable. Come on.

*D. Leon.* I'll try if I can hit the place agen. *Fight again.* D. Leon *loſes his Sword, and* Dorange *takes it up.*

*Dor.* You ſee the advantage fortune throws upon me.

*D. Leon.* Make uſe of it, for I ſhall ſcorn a life that e're was in thy power.

*Dor.* Spoke too haſtily, yet by my lewd life paſt, I muſt confeſs I have deſerv'd worſe words,——there, noble Sir, there is your Sword again—— And once more uſe it in your juſt revenge, you have not yet, Sir, drawn out the wild blood that wrong'd your Siſter, try your skill again.

*Gives him his Sword.*

*D. Leon.* No, were ſhe dear as my Soul, as ſhe's my Siſter, I wou'd not fight again, thou brave young man; this honour has regain'd her honour loſt, and fix'd me for thy Brother. *They embrace.*

*Dor.* Thus, thus for ever I ſeal to that: And now, dear Sir, aſſure ye, my late neglectful words of your fair Siſter, were not intended baſely, as I ſpoke 'em, but from a conſcious ſenſe of my own miſchiefs, and to provoke you to a ſevere Juſtice, which you have done too ſlightly for a fault of ſuch uncommon nature.

*D. Leon.* You bleed, pray take this Scarf, which my dear Siſter gave me, as a kind-preſent, when I went to Travel; and as it binds the wound up in your Arm, may mine, yours and my Siſters heart, be ty'd in laſting union. [*Embrace agen.*

*Dor.* I long to ſee her, to throw at her feet a true repentant heart, and beg

beg to be receiv'd without advantage, for her Eſtate ſhall ſtill be ſettled on her, and on her pardon reſt my whole contentment.

*D. Leon.* Here ſhe comes, fear of our meeting I know has led her to find us out. *Enter* Angellica, *Prince*, Kinglove *and* Bertran.

*Ang.* Oh heaven! 'tis as I fear'd; here has been miſchief.

*D. Leon.* A little, Siſter, but none that long ſhall keep the paleneſs on your Cheek; to prove it, look on the Man whom I embrace, and then receive him as your long ſecret Love has given ye cauſe: I have prov'd him, found him brave, kind and repentant-- the ſecret is lock'd cloſely up with us, and ſo your honour clear to all the world. [*Apart to* Angel.

*Dor.* Thus low, I firſt thank heaven for my bleſſing-- [*Kneels to* Angel. then beg your pardon and leave to love for ever.

*Ang.* My heart s too full to let me ſpeak my Joy; let then my eyes and bluſhes do that office.

*Prince.* Well, my intentions were good to ſhare with ye, tho' I chanc'd to be out of the buſineſs.

*King.* Faith, Collonel, we have been watching for ye all this morning; right or wrong, I came to make one of your ſide.

*Dor.* My good Lord, and my dear *Kinglove*, I ever was your Debtor.

*Bert.* Morbleau, I tought it had bin ſome State-Affair you went about, you carry de ting ſo gravely.

*Enter Min Heer* Tomas, Bondevelt *and* Anniky.

*Ang.* The claſhing Swords has rais'd the neighborhood, you may be aſſur'd of that by my Unkle and Aunts coming.

*Anni.* How d'e Nephew? I hope you han't been aſſaulted.

D. *Leon.* No, no, Aunt, a Trial of Skill only——nothing elſe.

*Min. H.* Doſt hear Brother Sprat-Merchant, in the firſt place a Plague on thee, wilt thou never leave off this Rakehelly Soldierly Coat agen? And in the ſecond place, what a pox make you cling ſo cloſe to my Niece, hah?

*Dor.* Why then, Sir, firſt to give you a reaſon, and then to ſatisfie all that are here, know, that I am married to your Niece, and have been ſo this two years; and more than that, have a Child by her: And ſo, as I hear, by my Unkles Will, your Claim is void, Aunt; you may eaſe your Husband now about an Heir, I have got one for the Eſtate already.

D. *Leon.* Brave and honorable, this was ſpoke to clear your reputation, if any malicious Tongue ſhould ſlander ye. [*Aſide to* Angel.

*Anni.* Well, Niece, art thou married then? And haſt thou really had a big-belly before me?

*Ang.* Not ſo big a belly as yours, good Aunt; but however, I can't contradict the Collonel: You watch'd very narrowly 'tis true, but I made ſhift to dazle your eyes now and then, Aunt—— I am only ſorry for this Gentleman, that I hear has been out of his Money about me; but, Sir, I'll wiſh ye to a good Wife, tho' I can be none.

*Dor.* I think, Sir, I'm indebted to ye two Pieces; there they are, Sir. And now I hope you'll believe, 'twas on my own Errant, and not yours, I went when I carried——the Letters——ha, ha, ha.

*Bonn.* D'e hear Mr. Burgo-maſter, give me my Bond of 3000 *l.* agen, and proſper me I ſhall be as eaſie as ſhe, 'twill turn to better account in Trade three thouſand times over. I have been in the South-part of the Globe already, and now will viſit the North, the Ports of *Ruſſia* and *Muſcovy* will be open; and ſome Commodities to warm the Stomach, and qualify the coldneſs of the Climate, muſt be very beneficial, which

principally

principally I design ſhall be French Brandy, Iriſh Uſquebaugh, and Engliſh Ginger-bread. [*They all laugh.*

*Min. H.* Well, ſince our hopes are fruſtrated, there's your Bond agen; if ſhe had not married a Rakehelly Soldier, after all, I had not ſo much car'd, for now I find he is one: But why the Devil could not I find him out all this while, I believe he has bewitch'd me, for I us'd to ſmell 'em out; my Noſe would formerly wind out any one that dealt in Powder and Bullet three quarters of a Mile, ſnick me.

*Anni.* What will vex me worſt is, that when my Niece keeps Houſe, that Devil the Monkey will be always friſking about there; and then I ſhall never be able to give her a viſit. She has ſtood in awe of me all this while, and kept it cloſe in a corner, but now ſhe's married and cares for no body, I ſhall have the Devil upon my back as I ſit at dinner. [*Weeps.*

*Aug.* Oh, I warrant ye, Aunt, I ſhall take care to keep it out of your way, when you come; you may be ſure, the reſpect I bear ye will make me do that.

*Dor.* And, Sir, ſince you were bred with ſuch antipathy againſt our Trade, a Soldier, I will dreſs my ſelf always when you come in a Cloak—ha ha ha- like one of your Trade, a Merchant, whether of Sprats or Herrings, no matter now ye know.

*Min. H.* No, a Pox on ye, you know ye have catch'd the right Fiſh, ſnick me.

*Dor.* And now, dear Brother, my heart is ſo merry, that I wiſh we had Muſick, that ſince our firſt meeting was ſo private, this ſecond might look ſomewhat more like a Wedding, which ſhall be to morrow, with more joy than e'er I ſaw the light. [*Softly to* Aug.

*King.* Sir, Muſick ſhall be my task to procure, for but half an hour ago, I ſaw a whole Band of them Practiſing at a Tavern over the way, from this Window here I can becken 'em

*Enter Muſick, then a Song and Dance; which done, enter* Guſſet, Van Scopen *and* Fardell, *with the Child.*

*Guſſet.* Knowing, Madam, this little Gentleman would add to your Mirth, I have brought it to finiſh the Entertainment.

*Van S.* But pray take Nurſe off from me, Madam, for ſhe has worſhipp'd me, I believe, a hundred times, as we came along; my fine Shew-Coat here, has made the ſimple Jade take me for my betters.

*Prince.* Prithee look how the Preſident is gravell'd. [*Bon. ſtares at* Van Sc.

*King.* Ha ha ha-- the Comical miſtake of the Lacquey is plain now.

*Bon.* Well, I ſee now a travell'd head may be erroneous-- I have been too poſitive, and will be gone, leſt undecent laughter offend me. [*Exit.*

*Fard.* Ods my life, what's here to do, what Riddles are theſe? Gad, I'll not have little Maſter affronted [*Stares at* Van Sco. *and* Dorange] in his Pappa, not I-- Tankee, Tankee, dood Nurſe, ſays he--- Ay, dats my ſweet hony Sylds-- dats my Sugar Sops.

*Dor.* Well, Nurſe, you may venture upon me for the Father now then-- and there's for thy diligence honeſt likeneſs, [*Gives both Money.*] and heavens and my bleſſing on thee, ſweet one, [*Kiſſes the Child.*] and ſince kind fortune now confirms our happineſs,

The reſt to morrow, deareſt, when we'll try,
With mutual Wills, to get another Boy. *Exeunt.*

*FINIS.*

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